Buds and Blossoms OF PIETY, With some FRUIT OF THE Spirit of Love, AND DIRECTIONS TO THE DIVINE WISDOM.

Being a Collection of Papers written by *E. A.*

The Second Edition with Additions.

LONDON:
Printed by *H. Clark*, for Thomas Parkhurst, in *George-Yard* in *Lumbard-street*, 1691.

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Friendly
READER;

IF in these following Lines thou ought espy,
Seemeth not right, not pleasing in thine Eye,
Pray be so kind, so courteous, and so fair,
To Excuse th' Author, let it be thy care;
For what he wrote, I judge, did well intend,
I pray, his Faults, the Reader to amend.
One while 'twas with him, neither day nor night,
But in the Ev'ning-Tide appeared Light;
And as unto this Light he did take heed,
The Morning Day-Star did arise indeed,
And Sun of Righteousness did shine more clear,
And Truth more plain and obvious did appear.
If some things dark, obscure, do seem not sound,
Pray pass them by; some things herein are found
Both sure and certain Truths, and plain, and clear,
As who reads to the end, may find. And here

As I in several Papers did them find,
Present them to thee with an honest Mind,
Believing this, they will no harm produce,
So make them publick to thee for thy use:
And in that Love, *wherewith I them present,*
Do but receive them and I am content.

N. B.

I Thought it well, theſe Lines came to thy Hand,
Thou wouldſt them publiſh, I did underſtand,
Becauſe thou knew'ſt the Lad, as from a Child,
Was ſober Bred, Religious bent; not wild.
For unto ſome, acceptable they'll be,
Though many paſs their days in Vanity,
Not fearing God, not thinking of their end,
Not mattering how their precious time they ſpend,
Sporting themſelves in Pleaſures and Delight,
In deeds of Darkneſs, Evil Works o'th' Night,
Forgetting ſtill, to Judgment they muſt come,
For their bad Deeds receive a heavy doom,
Of *Go ye curſt, depart from me, I ſay,*
You workers of Iniquity, away:
This is the ſentence, Chriſt the Judge will give
To thoſe in Pleaſures liv'd, dead while they live.

J. C.

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Buds

Buds and Blossoms OF PIETY,

With some

FRUIT OF THE Spirit of Love.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE INTRODUCTION.

BEfore that Light or Darkneſs did appear
When th'Earth lay void, and all things now in't were
As nothing, then Jehovah faſhioned all;
By th' Word Created he both great and ſmall;

The Sun, Moon, Stars, and all i'th' Heavens be,
The Day, the Night, the dry Land and the Sea;
The Lord Jehovah, hath all theſe things made,
Yea, they were formed by the Word, He ſaid.
But when made God, the Heavens, Earth and Light,
'Twas i'th' beginning, as doth *Moſes* write.
By th' Word *Beginning*, we muſt underſtand,
Not from Eternity, God made the Land,
Or ought therein, but firſt of all, before
Fiſhes did ſwim, or Fowls i'th' Air did ſoar;
That is, before God did create the *Whale*,
Which is the firſt of all things Animal;
'Twan't from Eternity the World was made,
But then, when Time its firſt beginning had.
And why did *Moſes* write, and thus declare
To us, that theſe things i'th' beginning were?
Firſt, to confute, or that we might not be
Deceiv'd by thoſe maintain its Eternity;
For if that People ſeriouſly do mind
To know the Truth, i'th' Scriptures they may find,
That from Eternity, Eternal none
Is, but *Jehovah*, who's the Holy One,
Although 'tis ſo, that World to come, we ſay
Is without end; yet this World goes away,
And as ſome ſay, that what e'er had beginning,
As had this World, muſt alſo have an ending.

Some

Some do not ſtick to ſay, A Generation
Of men there were before *Adam*'s Creation;
And that there was a World, before was he,
If we them credit, and no further ſee,
Or rather unto *Moſes* Writings may
Incline our Ears, to hear what he doth ſay
Concerning the Creation of Mankind.
The firſt man God Created (as we find)
Was *Adam*, unto whom, Dominion he
Had given him, o'er Birds, Beaſts, and Fiſh i'th' Sea:
'Twas he to whom God brought the Fowls that fly,
And creeping Things that on their Bellies lie;
The Cattel all, and Beaſts, both wild and tame
Were brought to *Adam*, that he might them name,
By which, mayn't I their Sayings here diſprove;
For was a World, then what did in it move?
Did Fowls o'th' Air, Fiſhes, and Beaſts o'th' Field?
Who gave them Names, and to whom did Trees yield
Their Fruit? God gave to *Adam* for to feed
On every Tree, and Herb that beareth Seed.
Though *Atheiſts* dream, and *Heathenish* People fain
Fabulous like, their Fancies to maintain;
Yet thoſe themſelves deem Chriſtians, they ought not
Open their Ears to hear, but rather ſhut
And cloſe their Ears, than hear the Tales of ſuch,
Thoſe things do broach, invalid Scripture much.

I.

Concerning the Works of God.

HOw doth the Sun and Moon, Gods work declare?
The glitt'ring Stars, which in the Heavens are,
The Hills, the Mountains, and the Valleys low,
The Works of God, and his great Power do show:
The Woods, the Trees, the Bushes, and the Bowers,
The Herbs the Grass, and all the Garden Flowers;
The tender Plants which from the Earth do spring,
Praises to God from time to time do sing:
The rouling foaming Waves his Might do show,
The hard congealed Ice, and Milk-white Snow:
The Fountains & the Meadows every one, (known:
The running Brooks, and clear Springs make him
The Fowls o'th' Air, the Birds in time of Spring,
Most sweet melodious Harmonies do sing.
The roaring Lion, and the Unicorn,
The fiery Dragon, all God's Power adorn,

Diso-

II.

Disobedience the first Sin of the World.

BEhold the subtile Serpents Subtilness,
Who to the Woman thus made his Address,
Saying to her, *Hath God said unto thee,*
Thou shalt not eat o'th' Fruit on every Tree?
Then said the Woman, thus to him indeed,
The Lord hath given unto us to feed
On every Tree, save that 'th' midst doth stand,
To which we may in no wise lift our Hand,
Lest that we die. The Serpent he said, *No,*
Ye shall not die at all; But God doth know
That when ye eat thereof, then ye shall see,
And like to Gods (knowing Good and Evil) be.
The Tree being good, and pleasant to the Eyes,
A Tree to be desir'd to make one wise,
She took the Fruit thereof, did eat, saying, *Lo,*
Take this, O Husband! He did eat also;
Their Eyes being open'd, knew they naked were,
And to make Breeches, Fig-leaves did prepare.
Soon after this, the Voice of God they hear,
Walking i'th' Garden, which made them to fear.

III.

The Serpent's Punishment.

THe Serpent's punish'd three ways; first,
He of all Creatures most is curst;
Next, on his Belly goes, not feet;
And last, the Dust o'th' Earth must eat.

IV.

The Womans Punishment.

IN Sorrow thy Conceptions are,
In Sorrow thou shalt Children bare;
To Man shall thy Desires be,
Thy Husband shall rule over thee.

V.

The Man's Punishment.

ADam that did his *Eve* obey,
And do the thing which God said *Nay*.
The Ground was cursed for his Sin,
Then Thorns and Thistles grow therein;

In

In Sorrow all his days muſt eat,
With ſweat o'th' Brows, his Bread, his Meat,
Till to the Earth, thou go, thou Duſt,
For thereunto return thou muſt.

VI.

Cain *was the firſt Murderer about Religion.*

CAIN was the firſt we read of, Till'd the Land,
And *Abel* us'd oft by the Flock to ſtand;
And in proceſs of time, *Cain* hap'd to take
O'th' Fruit o'th' Ground, an Offering for to make
Unto the Lord; and *Abel* brought alſo,
The Firſtlings of the Flock, and Fat, to go
To offer up to God, who did reſpect
His Sacrifice: But *Cain*'s he did reject.
Then *Cain* was Wrath, his Countenance ſoon chang'd,
Thus ſaid the Lord to him, *Why art thou ſtrange?*
If well thou doſt, thou ſhalt accepted be,
If ill thou doſt, Sin at thy Door doth lie.
Soon after that, *Cain* talk'd with *Abel*, when
They were i'th Field he ſlew his Brother, then

Thus ſaid the Lord to *Cain*, *What haſt done?* I,
The voice o'th' Brothers Blood from th' Earth hear cry.
But how happ'd this? or what's the cauſe I pray,
That *Cain* his Brother *Abel* thus did ſlay?
'Twas Envy, for in that he did proceed,
To execute this bloody treacherous Deed,
Becauſe the Lord, the Sacrifice of *Cain*
Rejected, and accepted his, was ſlain.

VII.

Cain's *Puniſhment.*

WHat Puniſhment to *Cain* was ſent,
And what Plague fell upon
Him, Curs'd was he of God, to be
For e'er a Vagabond.

VIII.

Remember thy Creator.

REmember thy Creator in the prime
O'th' Youth, before the evil Days, or Time
Come, when thou'lt ſay, *I take no Pleaſure in*
The Years and Days that lately I have ſeen.

Whilſt light o'th Sun, o'th' Moon, o'th' Stars remain,
Before the Clouds return, after the Rain;
That's, whilſt thy Eyes lend to thy Body light,
As doth the Sun by day, the Moon by night;
Or Cloud return after the Rain, (that is)
Before ſtark Blindneſs, as a dark Cloud ſeize
Upon thine Eyes, when many a woful Tear,
With Humors have them waſh'd from Year to Year,
When the Houſe keepers, and the ſtrong men all
Shall bow themſelves, and tremble like to fall,
The Grinders ceaſe, becauſe they are but few,
And thoſe look out o'th' Windows, dark ſhall ſhew.
The ſtrong men are the Legs, as Pillars ſtands
The keepers of the Houſe, the Arms and Hands
Which with the Palſie waggle, ſhake and ſhiver
The Legs, tho' Props, ſhall tremble, bow and quiver.
And in the Street, the Door then ſhut ſhall be,
When noiſe (or ſound) o'th' Grinding's low, and he
At Voice o'th' little Bird ſhall riſe, and all
His ſinging Daughters, their attention fall;
That's when thy Ears have paſt Muſical ſeaſon,
And cann't attend to hear, Deafneſs the reaſon.
The Door without, that is, the Mouth, ſo faint,
As cann't be open'd, but by ſome conſtraint.
The riſing up at voice o'th' Bird, doth ſhow
Old Age is wakened, even with Cock-crow.

When

When Men ſhall be afraid of that is high,
And likewiſe in the way, they fear eſpy;
That's when they climb, Fear doth poſſeſs them, and
They ſtumble likewiſe on the Plain they ſtand.
When th' Almond-Tree ſhall flouriſh, that (i'le ſhow)
Is when thy Head, ſhall with white Fleeces grow.
When the Graſhoppers ſhall a burden be,
That's when thy Legs gouty are, and craſie.
When all Concupiſcence from thee's gone quite,
That to thy Meat, thou haſt ſmall Appetite.
Or e're the Silver Cord be loos'd, or ſlack'd,
Or Golden Bowl be broke, or Pitcher crack'd;
Or Wheel or Ceſtern broke, that is, ſaith one,
The Nervous Pinacles to th' Urine gone.
The Silver Cord, the Back-Bone ſtretched out,
And Golden Bowl, the Heart, whence Life doth ſprout.
The Pitcher broke, at Fountain doth narrate,
The heat o'th' Liver loſt, the Stomachs fate.

IX.

That Self, more than Adam *is to be blamed for ſinning.*

Though Sin at firſt, on all, through *Adam* came;
Yet let not him, (but Self) bare all the blame.
r as I heard, perhaps the thing was true;
Rich Man, to a Poor Man, this did ſhew,
t him to work, who dig'd i'th' Ditch apace,
ill ſweat o'th' Brows did trickle down his Face;
hen toſſing up the Earth with Shou'l or Spade,
his Cry did utter, and theſe Words he ſaid,
Adam! *Adam*! *Adam*! And hard-by
s Maſter walking, thus did hear him cry,
d to him call'd; Friend, why doſt *Adam* blame?
Sir! (ſaid he) I need not tell the ſame,
is full well known, how I by *Adam*'s Fall,
ot only I, but we his Offſpring all;
he himſelf, with Sweat o'th' Face i'th' Duſt
aſt work, ſince he from Paradiſe was thruſt.

Had

Had he not sin'd, we'd not subjected bin,
Think I to work i'th' Earth: But for his Sin
God sent him forth to Till the Earth: He came
From it, and to't he must return again.
Thou *Adam* blam'st; but how if in his stead
Thou wert, then thou wouldst do just as he did.
For this observe, these Words I speak to thee,
Cast down thy Spade, leave Work, and follow me.
If my Command and Precept thou'lt obey,
Two strokes of Work thou shalt not do all day;
But live at ease, and from thy Labour cease,
Taking thy Rest in Safety and in Peace.
If this my one Command thou keep, 'tis small,
Thou shalt not want for any thing, but all
Thou canst desire, to thee I'le freely give,
And thou as 'twere in Paradise shalt live.
Thou at my Table shalt set down to Meat,
And eke Diurnal of my Banquets eat
Of Dishes rare, of every Mess but *one*,
Which shall be cover'd, look not thou thereon;
I mean not that thou may not see th' out-side,
But don't uncover't; in thy place abide;
Lust not to know what 'tis, but do refrain
From touching it, if I thee entertain:
Then if thou dost this one Command obey,
And keep my Precept, thou shalt with me stay,

Living

Living at Eaſe, with Comfort, Joy and Pleaſure,
Riſe when thou wilt, and lie down at thy leiſure.
Touch not the Meſs, the Diſh uncover not,
But let it ſtand alway clos'd up and ſhut.
So whilſt thou doſt this my Command obey,
Within my Houſe thou may'ſt be ſure to ſtay:
But if my Precept thou do not obſerve,
But diſobey, and from my Counſel ſwerve,
Then of my Dainties rare, thou may'ſt not feed,
But from my Houſe ſhalt be expell'd indeed.
So, for ſome time, this Poor Man he remain'd
Within the Houſe, being bravely entertain'd;
For he had all his Heart could well deſire,
Food in due ſeaſon; when cold, a good Fire;
If weary, then a Bed, his Bones to reſt:
Surely (thinks he) now I am greatly bleſt!
But on a time, when he to Dinner went,
Sate down at Table, none being there preſent;
Then in his mind it ſecretly did ſpring,
This is the time to ſee what's in this thing:
So up he ſtarts, the Diſh uncovers, then
Out leaps a Mouſe, away it runs; and when
He ſees this Meſs, no other Rarity had,
Forbidden Fruit, to take, doth make him ſad.
In comes his Maſter, brought him to his Houſe;
What now! (ſaith he,) why ſad? Haſt ſeen the Mouſe?

Yea,

Yea, (quoth the Man) I in the Dish did peep;
And suddainly a Mouse thereout did leap.
So says his Lord, Now see, leave off for shame,
No more blame *Adam*, Self's only to blame:
When *Adam* sin'd, from Paradise he went:
So hast thou now broke my Commandment,
And from my House and Table thou must go,
Because what in the Dish was, thou wouldst know.
Couldst thou have been contented in thy plate,
Thou happy wert; but now art in disgrace,
And to thy Work i'th Ground, with sweat o'th Brow,
Return again, thy Mind to digging bow:
And learn for time to come, content to be,
When placed where, thou mayst live happily;
And learn for time to come, not *Adam* blame,
But Self, Self do, Self have, 'tis still the same.
If this be so, although the case was sad,
Yet 'twas no more than his Desert he had.

X.

Several Petitions and Prayers to God, to be taught of him.

TEach me, O Lord, thy Fear, which will begin
Wiſdom in me, and lead me from my Sin.
Teach me, O Lord, thy Truth, and I thy Name
Will ſpread abroad, truſting in th'holy Name.
Teach me, O Lord, of one Accord to be
And of one mind, with thoſe that truſt in thee.
Teach me, O Lord, that I acquainted may
Be with the Children of the Light and Day.
Teach me, O Lord, by thine admonishment,
In all Eſtates, fully to be Content.
Teach me, O Lord, for to rehearſe thy Acts,
And let my Hands commit no Bloody Facts.
Teach me, O Lord, according to thy Will,
To ask in Faith, that thou my Heart may fill.
Teach me, O Lord, my Ways for to amend,
And grant I may to Idols never bend.

Teach

Teach me, O Lord, when vain Thoughts do ariſe,
I Chriſtian-like, by Prayer them ſurpriſe.
Teach me, O Lord, by thy Eternal Might
Againſt thy Foes, couragiouſly to Fight.
Teach me, O Lord, that I may never mock
At Sin as Fools, nor be a Laughing-ſtock.
Teach me, O Lord, Offences for to take;
Yea, ten times told, rather than once one make.
Teach me, O Lord, as I deſire of thee
To be forgiven, to forgive Injury.
Teach me, O Lord, to ſlight all Earthly Toys,
And let my Heart be fixt on Heavenly Joys.
Teach me, O Lord, a true account to give,
Even of my Stewardſhip whilſt that I live.
Teach me, O Lord, that I my Sins to thee
May all confeſs, and by Chriſt be ſet free.
Teach me, O Lord, by Divine Inſpiration,
To ſound thy Praiſe, amidſt a Crooked Nation.
Teach me, O Lord, that what in Hand I take,
With Wiſdom I accompliſhment may make.
Teach me, O Lord, Ambitious Pride to ſhun,
That nought may be Miſ-thought, Miſ-ſaid, Miſ-done.

XI.

Directions where to find Wiſdom.

Some Breathings of Love, which truly do move
Unto ſuch, that do Wiſdom deſire,
Declaring the Way, in which Wiſdom may
Be found of thoſe, for her enquire.

WHo ſeeks for Wiſdom, and would Virtue find?
A ſecret Treaſure, and a quiet Mind,
A Fruitful City, and a pleaſant Hill,
Whoſe glorious Proſpect *Sharon*'s Roſe doth fill,
Dropping down Virtues, Diſtillations ſweet,
Cooling the Sons of *Zion*'s ardent heat;
Whoſe ſtrong Deſires, as lively Sparks aſpire,
Still upwards, as doth naturally the Fire.
Its Situation towards the Eaſt doth ſtand,
(Or riſing of the Sun) its Soil or Land;
It's Fertile, Pleaſant, Amiable and Fair,
Which *Baſhan*'s Oaks, and *Lebanon*'s Cedars bare,
With all the ſtately Trees o'th' Foreſt, and
The choiceſt Garden-Spices in this Land

Do grow, as Myrrh, Spiknard and Cinamon;
With Trees of Mence, Calamus and Saffron.
A goodly Place 'tis, pleasant to the Eyes,
A Place to be desir'd, where dwell the Wise,
And Prudent Minds, who value Vertue more
Than precious Stones, or Gold within the Ore;
Because compar'd unto her, all things are
But Dross and Dung. A Spotless Virgin fair,
In whose Right-hand is Time, with length of Days,
Her Left-hand Honour, Riches; all her Ways
Are Paths of perfect Peace, and Pleasantness;
With her's great Treasure; Joy she doth possess:
A Crown Immortal on her Head she wears,
Deckt with bright Diamonds, like to glittering Stars.
Her Tyer is Rich, her Necklace of pure Gold;
Her Bracelets fill'd, with precious Pearls ne'er told,
For number, numberless, innumerable,
Unto all Vertuous Minds most delectable.
This is that Queen of Wisdom, who her finds,
A greater Treasure hath, than all Earths Mines
Of Gold and Silver: For shee'l guide thy Way
From Darkness gross, unto Light's perfect Day.
Who doth her seek, assuredly may find
Her in the Closet of an Humble Mind,

In which she dwells, darting her Beams of Light
Into the Heart, that she discover might
The crooked Paths, and sinful Ways, wherein
The simple Soul, a Captive long hath bin,
To free the Soul, that if it will, it may
Refuse Night's Darkness, and embrace Light's Day.
O! then come all, who Wisdom do desire,
And thus, as once I did, for her enquire,
Who sought not long for her; but she reveal'd
Her dwelling in my Heart, had been conceal'd.

XII.

A Psalm in Praise of Wisdom.

TO Wisdom I my Mind will bend,
And Understanding she will send
To me; for on her I'le depend,
And she alone shall be my Joy.

I'le seek for her, and she will be
A Guide delightful unto me,
Walking i'th Paths of Equity;
With her alone will I rejoyce.

Where e're I do her Works eſpy,
They are delightful to mine Eye,
For ſhe's of Aſſiduity;
With thoſe that on her do depend.

She's better than the Silver fine,
And Richer than the Golden Mine;
As bright as *Sol* himſelf doth ſhine:
With her dwells Immortality.

I'le prize her more, than Gold moſt pure,
And on her, would be fixed ſure;
For ſhe's a Rock that will endure,
And converſant with *Elohim*.

She's Comly, Beautiful and Fair;
All precious Pearls, cannot compare,
To her a Tree of Life ſo rare,
And ſhe alone will I exalt.

XIII.

Concerning the manner of the Appearing of Wiſdom.

THus ſeeking Wiſdom, Wiſdom as a Light
Within my Heart, appear'd moſt glorious
Like to the ſplendor of the glorious Sun, (bright.
Expelling Clouds, and cauſing Miſts to run
Like ſcorched Scrowls, and vaniſh quite away,
That Truth and Righteouſneſs might now diſplay
Its ſelf, and put forth Fruits o'th' Heavenly Vine,
Againſt the which the *Eſaubites* combine:
But let them know, their Combinations are
To *Samſon*'s ſtrength, no better than a Hair.
The Stone cut out o'th' Mountain without hands,
Muſt now increaſe, and greatly fill our Lands,
Aſſuredly, on whom this Stone doth fall,
Its ponderous weight, to Powder grind them ſhall.
But they are happy, fall upon this Stone,
Whoſe Hearts are broke, with true Contrition,

They ſhall be mollified with holy Oyl,
And by the Lamb's Blood, cleans'd from Filth & Soyl,
That they as Virgins pure, array'd in White,
Prepar'd may be, to walk in Wiſdom's Light,
Which ſhineth in their Hearts, who it obey,
Even more and more, unto the perfect Day.
Yea, Wiſdom cries without, her Voice i'th Street
She utters loud, the Simple for to meet.
And turn them from that way, to Death doth lead,
Wherein, like to a Poſt, they haſte with ſpeed,
Calling amongſt the preſs of all deſiring,
And thronged croud of Thoughts, that we retiring
May ſeek for Wiſdom: O! ye Fools, ſaith ſhe,
Why will ye dye? Return, return to me,
That I my mind may pour out to you, and
May give you Knowledge, for to underſtand
Dark Words, and Prudent Sayings of the Wiſe
With Parables, in Wiſdom to ſurmiſe;
And recreate your ſelves, with Solace ſweet,
That to embrace her in your Hearts you meet;
Then keep her, and to you ſhe'l be a Guide,
Receive her in your Hearts, and ſhe l abide,
And to your Souls, with Knowledge bring delight,
And cauſe you through her Counſel walk upright.
O! ſeek her early, while ſhe may be found;
She oft Inſtruction, with Reproof doth ſound,

To

To thoſe her ſeek, that they may underſtand
The Fear of God, is the Beginning, and
Firſt Gate of Entrance, to that City where
None but the Sons of Vertue do appear,
Who ſought for Wiſdom, more than Gold refin'd,
And till they found her, could not reſt in mind,
But rove from Hills, to barren Mountains, where
Like ſcattered Sheep, amongſt the Wolves they were
Grievouſly bitten, prick'd and torn with Thorns,
Yea, often puſh'd with *Baſhan*'s Bulls Braſs-Horns,
Till almoſt tyr'd, yet at laſt did appear;
Where think you? even in their Hearts, moſt near
The proper Habitation of her Reſt,
That thoſe who ſeek, may of her be poſſeſt.
Who ſo doth find her, hold her faſt, be ſure,
For ſhe's a Rock, that will for e're endure;
A hiding Place, a Covert, and ſtrong Tower,
Whereto the Righteous run, God's Arm of Power,
His Word, by which all things created were,
That in the Heavens, Earth, Sea and Land are.
A Queen; before the Depths, with Honour crown'd,
A Virgin fair, for Beauty moſt renown'd.
He that approach into her preſence will,
Muſt Self-deny, Self-mortifie and kill,
And enter with the patient Crown of *Job*,
And ſhe will cloath thee with a Princely-Robe.

Wouldſt thou her bleſſed Company enjoy,
Then bid adue, to all Luſts baſe annoy.
If thou deſireſt to have her for thy Friend,
With Peace towards all, what may be, thy Mind bend;
For where is Peace, there Wiſdom may be found;
But where is Strife, can any thing be ſound?
She is a Virgin of more purer Eyes,
Than to behold Sin's baſe Deformities.
She is a precious Pearl, and valued high:
Come, who can part with all, thou may her buy.
Stay, I'm not bought with Money; nay (ſaith ſhe)
Come, buy; come buy without Price; I am free;
Come, buy ye Milk and Honey, is my Call;
Come, buy without Price, 'tis free for you all:
Why ſpend you Labour, for that is not Food,
And Strength for that which will not do you good?
Awake, awake, 'tis high time, ope' your Eyes,
Obey Chriſt's Voice, let Wiſdom's Light ariſe
Within your Hearts, that checks for Evil; and
Be ſure Obedience yield to its Command,
That as a Sword and Hammer, by great Power
I may ſmite down, and as a Fire devour
The Stubble; for I know the Lord demands
The Fruits of Righteouſneſs at all your hands,
You great Profeſſors, that long time have been
Talking of Righteouſneſs, but found in Sin;

And

And you who to God's Light and Truth confeſs,
Have felt its Virtue, yet do not poſſeſs
It in you: I a word of Exhortation
Unto you give, make you the Application.
Conſider, Firſt, why God diſcovers Sin.
(The ſtrait Gate) & broad Way the World walks in,
Vain Cuſtoms, Pride, Hypocriſy, Deceit.
(Truth, Righteouſneſs and ſound Words, theſe more
Are your Profeſſion to accompany, (meet
Yea, perfect Fruits of true Chriſtianity,)
As thoſe, who in the Life of Chriſt do dwell,
Experimentally to you can tell.
Are not theſe things thus laid before your Eyes,
That you the beſt may chuſe, the worſt deſpiſe?

And now, a word to you that hate the Light,
And to Gods gracious Spirit do deſpite,
'Counting that an Unholy thing, and Low,
A Natural Light, which doth to all men ſhow
Their ſecret Sins; a Common Grace, whereby
There's no Salvation: thus you viliſie
Chriſt's precious Blood, that on the Croſs was ſhed
For your Redemption, who through ſins are dead,
'Counting Gods only Son, our Prince and King,
The Lamb, Chriſt Jeſus, an Unholy thing;

Deſpiſing God's free Grace and tender Love,
That in your Hearts from time to time hath ſtrove,
Calling that Natural Light and Common Grace,
Which gives true Knowledge of God in the Face
Of Jeſus Chriſt, God's Covenant of Light
Unto the *Gentiles*, and his Arm of Might,
By which, Salvation he doth work for all,
To th' ends o'th' Earth, that on his Name do call.

But Lord! who hath this our Report receiv'd?
And who hath in thy Chriſt, the Light believ'd?
And to whom is thy powerful Arm made bare,
And Out-ſtretch'd Hand? by which all Nations are
Invited and allured by thy Love,
To taſte o'th' Bread of Life, comes from above,
And drink abundantly; for now Chriſt ſays,
He that believes in Me, though dead, I'll raiſe:
I am the Reſurrection, Life and Light,
Believe in me to Day, before the Night
Of Darkneſs nigh, o'er-ſpread your Land, wherein
That Light once ſhin'd, which manifeſted Sin,
And ſecretly reprov'd, when none was nigh,
The Evil to diſcover or deſcry.
This was God's Love, and is his Grace to all,
Which ne'er conſents to Evil, but do call

From

From Sin to God, from Darkneſs to Light clear.
Break down Partition Walls, and ſo draw near
To God and Chriſt, by Love's ſtrong tying Band,
Againſt the which, the Gates of Hell cann't ſtand.
Its Strength's ſo great, it Armies over-powers;
Its Scent more ſweet, than Garden ſpiced Bowers;
Its Nature's ſuch, makes ſtony Hearts to bleed,
Forgives its Foes, its Enemies doth feed;
Seeks not Revenge, but puts up Injuries;
Forgives and covers Faults, and ſo deſcries
Its heavenly, pure, divine, immortal Birth, (Earth.
From that below, born and brought forth i'th'

XIV.

A PRAYER.

ARiſe, O Lord, in this the mighty Day
Of thy great Power, and richly do diſplay
Thy glorious Light and Truth abroad this Land,
That all, both Old and Young, may underſtand
The Riches of thy matchleſs conquering Love,
Thou God of Glory! who doſt dwell above,

To whom on well tun'd Instruments let's sing
Praises and Honour: Glory to our King,
Who Rules in Power on Earth, and Reigns o'er Hell;
And in the highest glorious Heaven doth dwell.

A Princely Tribe all Wisdom's Children are,
Deckt with a Crown Immortal, which they wear.

XV.

An Alphabet of two Lines.

A Precious Light in all Hearts doth arise,
Take heed thereto, be sure, all who be wise.

B Elieve in Christ the Light, who checks for Evil,
God's mighty Power in all to slay the Devil.

C Anst thou, O man! complain for want of Power?
When God's Love, Light & Free Grace every hour

D Oth in thy Heart for Truth and Justice call,
That thou may'st be redeemed from the Fall?

E Xamine well thy Heart, and thou may'st see
God's Love, Light and Free Grace, is great to thee.

FOr oftentimes a Light thou cann't deny;
Within thine Heart doth Wickedneſs deſcry.

GRreat is its Power, for this I right-well know,
Could Satan with Hell-Gates it overthrow

HE would by no means ſuffer that to be,
Makes known his dark Deceit ſo perfectly.

INto that Light then, let thy Mind return,
Which as conſuming Fire, all Droſs will burn.

KEep low in it, and it will purge thee ſo
Thou ſhalt appear more white than driven Snow.

LIke one of *Sion*'s Sons in Righteouſneſs,
Whoſe Robes are *Grace* and *Truth*, a comly Dreſs.

MInd, mind that Light, all who deſire to be
Freed from the Bondage of Iniquity.

NO other power but Chriſt, God's Sons of Love,
Can from the Bondage of Corruption move.

O! That men's Eyes were open'd to behold (Gold.
God's Light and Love, more worth than fineſt

PRepare your Hearts, theſe Tydings to receive,
Great Joy and Gladneſs to all thoſe believe.

Quake,

QUake, Quake ye Stout, before this Light to stand,
Which is the Thunders of God's great Command.

RAise up your Forts, and let your Trench be cast,
Call all your strong, prepare to War, make haste;

SEt up your Standard, and your Ensign show,
Sound *Babel*'s Alarm, and her Trumpet blow.

THis is the Day the Lord of Host will be
A King in *Sion*, and set *Israel* free.

UNto the Lord, ye Lambs of Light, sing Praise,
Now and forever, bless his Name always.

WO to the stout and lofty Cedars tall,
Who hate the Light, and slight God's Mercies all

YOu stubborn hearted Ones, who still persist
To smite the Harmless with a bloody Fist.

ZEalously will the Lord, in flames of Fire,
Render you Vengeance in his dreadful Ire.

XVII.

An Alphabet of one Line.

A *Dam* by Sin brought Death o'er all Mankind,
B ut Chriſt is come, to quicken Soul or Mind.
C AIN did his Righteous Brother *Abel* ſlay;
D eſtruction comes on all, walk in his Way.
E VE, ſhe the ſubtil Serpent's Voice obey'd,
F orbidden Fruit did eat, ſo was betray'd.
G OD curſs'd the Serpent, Duſt muſt be his Meat,
H e on the ſame all days of's Life muſt eat.
I OSEPH was by his Brethren ſold away,
K ind unkind, their Brother thus betray.
L ittle they dream'd, when it they did effect,
M ight come the time to *Jo.* they muſt ſubject.
N o other Project would theſe Men content,
O nly poor *Joſeph* from them muſt be ſent,
P oſted away into dark *Egypt*'s Land,
Q uite from his Country, yet in this, God's Hand

Right

R ight well is seen. Poor *Joseph* he became
S o great in *Ægypt* as to rule the same:
T his was his Portion, he the Lord did fear,
U nto Temptation would not yield, nor hear:
W hat did his Mistress unto him propose,
Y ou see deny'd the same, and would not close,
Z ealously bent 'gainst Sin, did her oppose.

XVII.

To Out-side Professors.

YOu great Professors, who possessors are
Of earthly Riches, but of heavenly bare;
Why do ye thus, for Husks and Shells contend,
Figures and Shadows, which must have an end?

XVIII.

A Call to the Old and Young, to behold the Day of God, &c.

TO Rich, to Poor, to Old, to Young, to all
I ſound Alarm, and with loud Voice call,
Awake, awake, rouſe up, ye Slugs ariſe,
Shake off the Duſt, with Eye-ſalve noint your Eyes,
That you this great and glorious Day ſo nigh
Approaching, yea, now Dawned, may eſpy,
In which God's Promiſes fulfilled are,
Of which the holy Prophets did declare,
How that i'th' latter Days the Lord would be
A God to *Jacob*, his Captivity.
Return, and eke *Jeruſalem* Walls rebuild
(I'th' Situation of a pleaſant Field)
And that Mount *Sion*'s holy Hill ſhould be
Above all Hills exalted in Glory,
To which the Nations round about ſhould flow,
And many People ſay, come let us go

Unto the Mountain of the houſe o'th' Lord,
That he may teach us, and with one accord
We in his Ways may walk. From *Sion* ſhall
The Law proceed, and God's Word unto all
Within the New-*Jeruſalem* plain be heard,
That he may Reverenc'd be, obey'd and fear'd,
Who ſhall judge Nations: many he rebukes,
And makes them beat Spears into Pruning-Hooks,
And Swords to Plow-ſhares; Nations ſhall not learn
To War, nor lift up Hand to fight again.
The time draws near, theſe things fulfill'd muſt be,
And happy are they that theſe things ſhall ſee.
For Chriſt is come, men's Lives not to deſtroy,
But them to ſave; and this is cauſe of Joy:
He is not come to kill men, but give Life,
And free from that which is the cauſe of Strife,
That men may live in Unity and Peace,
And Amity; and Wars and Bloodſhed ceaſe.

XIX. Con-

XIX.

Concerning God and Christ bearing the Name of Light, &c.

A Time of Darkneſs o'er this Land has been,
So thick, ſo dark, ſo groſs becauſe of Sin,
That many People Truth will not receive,
That God is Light, nor in his Son believe;
Although the Scriptures amply do declare,
That God and Chriſt the Name of Light do bear;
And firſt concerning God, who all things made
By his eternal powerful Word, He ſaid,
Let it be ſo, and ſo it came to paſs,
That all in Heaven and Earth created was.

This God is Light, and in the Light doth dwell,
As doth the holy Scriptures plainly tell:
In many places you may plainly find,
Who read the Scriptures with an humble Mind,
And that his Son, our Chriſt, who is the Lamb,
Is call'd the Light, who from God's Boſom came

To lead Man up to God out of the Fall,
In which, through Sin we are concluded all;
And ſo through Sin, in Death and Darkneſs be,
Till by the Light of Chriſt we are ſet free,
Who came to lead, all thoſe that him obey,
Out of the Night, into the perfect Day.

O bleſſed Day! O glorious Day of Light,
Which conquers Darkneſs, and expels the Night.
Bleſt the be time, in which thy Day-Star bright,
And Morning redneſs of Eternal Light,
Our Hearts did viſit, and thy ſplendent Rays
Reveal the Glory of theſe latter Days,
In which the Lord of Hoſts, our God moſt high,
According to his Promiſe, doth draw nigh
Unto his People, and their King will be,
And by his powerful out-ſtretch'd Arm ſet free.
His Sons and Daughters, who long Captives were
Under oppreſſing *Pharaoh*, and did bear
The heavy Yokes, oppreſſing Burdens, and
Increaſing Tasks of black dark *Egypt*'s Land.

XX.

Of Divine LOVE.

WHat ſhall I ſay of *Love*, the chiefeſt Good?
'Tis Bread of Life, the Soul's Cœleſtial Food;
The bleſſed Manſion of Eternity,
The Reſidence, and Dwelling of the high
And lofty One; the *New Jeruſalem* bright,
Fill'd with that glorious Splendor and great Light,
Which doth the ſeven-fold light o'th' Sun tranſcend,
Which Light tranſparent, never ſhall have end.

O depth of Love, and boundleſs Ocean wide!
Under the ſhadow of thy Wings us hide:
And keep us, Lord, in perfect Reſt and Peace,
Show'r down thy Mercies, make all Diſcords ceaſe;
Reveal thy Light, thy glorious Truth make known,
And by thy conquering *Love* bind all in one,
That in an Oneneſs, all may ſing amain,
Jehovah, King on Earth, in us doth Reign.

XXI.

An Exhortation to dwell in Love.

DWell Friends in Love, and then no Strife will be,
Nay, nor Contention, but an Unity:
For Love in all things doth for Oneneſs call,
Thinking no Evil, but pure Good to all;
Yea, Love is God, and God is Love and Light,
Fulneſs of Pleaſure, Joy and great Delight;
Dwell ye therein, and ye ſhall witneſs, Friends,
Such ſweet Enjoyments cann't be writ by Pens:
For ſince the Lord in mercy hath made known
This Diſpenſation of his Love, and ſhown
To me its Vertue, and choice Nature pure,
To ye with boldneſs, this I dare aſſure,
That Love's the higheſt Diſpenſation, yea,
That ever hath, or will diſpenſed be.

XXII.

Christ the true Light.
Christ the Son of God's Love.

DWell in the Light, and there true Love will be:
Dwell in true Love, and great Light ye shall see:
For in the Light, there true Love doth abound,
And in the Love, there true Light may be found:
For Light and Love, tho' they seem two by Name,
Yet one in Substance, and in Truth the same.

XXIII.

A Salutation of Love to J. C. *&c.*

DEar Friend *J. C.* with true unfeigned Love
I thee ſalute, which in my Heart doth move
Towards thee, and all our tender Friends moſt dear,
Whoſe Minds are ſtaid on God, in his pure fear.
Feel me, dear Friend, a Member joyntly knit
To all, in Chriſt, in heavenly Places ſit;
And here to Friends no Stranger would I be,
Though they my Face, as outward, ne'er did ſee.
For truly Friend, I dearly love and own
All travelling Souls, who truly ſigh and groan
For the Adoption, which ſets free from Sin,
And works Redemption, from that ſtate wherein
The Prince o'th' Power of Darkneſs long did reign:
But bleſt be God the time's at hand, a Chain
In utter Darkneſs muſt his Portion be,
There to be bound, and never more ſet free.

XXIV. *Con-*

XXIV.

Concerning bearing the Heavenly Image.

O! All the Riches that are here below,
Pomp, State and Glory, man esteemeth so:
What is it all? if I it once compare
Unto a Child, that doth God's Image bear,
But Dross and Dung, yea, filthy Dirt and Mire,
To purest Gold refined in the Fire!
How can I then but dearly love and own
Those precious Members, which are Bone of Bone,
And prize their presence, and enjoyment more
Than Butts of Wine, and Oyl, and Barns of Store?

XXV.

Concerning a Righteous Man's Work, &c.

THe Man that lives in Sin, walks in the Night,
And ſpends his days in Darkneſs, not in Light.
A Righteous Man his Works to Life do tend,
But Wicked Men their Minds to Strife do bend.
Avoid the ways of Satan, they're not right,
But trace the Steps o'th' Juſt, which ſhine as Light.
Comfort the Comfortleſs in time of need;
Diſtribute to the Poor, and Hungry feed.

XXVI.

XXVI.

A Complaint againſt New-England *Profeſſors.*

O Sad! *New-England*, I have heard ſtrange News
Concerning thee; Why didſt thou thus abuſe
Gods Children dear, Male and Female? Surely
Their Blood thou Slew, and Hang'd, aloud doth cry
Unto the Lord, who will avenge the ſame
Upon thy Head, (a Record to thy ſhame)
A ſhameful thing indeed! what ſhall I ſay?
You are the ſtock of *Cain*; this was his way.
Your cruel Works, your hardned Hearts make known,
Your *Babel* great, muſt to the Earth be thrown;
Your boaſtings high, like *Capernaum* tall
Muſt all come down; your Pride ſhall have a fall.
You that ſo cruel and mercileſs were,
The vengeance of Almighty God muſt bear.

XXVII.

Concerning Perſecution.

SInce *Abel*'s time unto this preſent day,
There is an Evil that hath born great ſway,
An Evil great, a Horrid and Black Sin,
Call'd Perſecution: All that walk therein,
What e're they ſay, profeſs or do pretend,
By Perſecution People to amend;
Yet none of them could ever make appear
Co-ercive means was a good courſe to ſteer;
It ne're did Mend, but rather always Mar;
Who e're harpt on that String, ſtill made a Jar;
It is a hateful, foul, deſtructive thing:
To King nor People, It ne're good can bring:
The work and Fruit thereof, as many write,
Nought elſe produceth but an Hypocrite.
I think it ſtrange, why ſome ſhould pleaſure take,
And toil themſelves, but Hypocrites to make.
It is work that Marks all in it are,
With Mark and Badge of Satan, which they wear,

The

The Mark o'th' Fleſh, and Birth that's from below,
A Badge with which all Perſecutors go.
For as it was, ſo ſtill it is, I ſay,
The Fleſhly Birth the Spirits Birth would ſlay.
Nothing more certain is, the Mark and Seat
O'th' wicked Whore, than Perſecution great:
Nothing the mark of the falſe Church more plain,
Than Reformation per force to maintain.
Nothing more plain is writ in Letters Red,
Than Antichriſt, where they Mens Blood do ſhed
About Religion, and Religious things;
This is a truth; Conviction with it brings,
To all that Sober, ſerious, moderate are,
It is an Argument great weight will bear;
For Chriſt commanded, that the Wheat and Tare
Should grow together, till the Harveſt were.
The Tares to be pluckt up he gave no leave,
Leſt that thereby the Wheat ſhould hurt receive.
He alſo told to his Diſciples all,
When that from Heaven they would Fire call,
They did not know nor underſtand aright
What ſpirit they were of; for his delight
Was, Mens Lives for to ſave, and not to kill;
For this end did he come, to do God's will.
He alſo ſaid, when that you Curſed are,
Then you ſhould Bleſs; when Perſecuted, bear

It patiently, and Pray for Enemies;
Do Good to those that hate you; none despise,
Because they are not now just as you are:
The time may come, they may Gods Image bear,
Though now Adverse, Idolatrous and Vain,
The time may come, they Mercy may obtain.
If now their Way be False, Etroneous, and
Not Right, in time, they Truth may understand.
The best way then, is still to let them live,
And let your Light so shine, as it may give
A better Understanding, that they may
Receive the Truth, and walk in the right way:
After this manner Christ his Scholars taught;
And those teach otherwise their Doctrin's naught,
They ne'er did learn it of the Light, the Lamb.
For Persecution from the Devil came;
'Tis he that sets Men to this Work, and they
Shall of him have their Wages and their Pay.
Therefore let none, that this bad Work attend
Expect good Wages in their latter end.
Their Work is bad, and their Reward will be
Gnashing of Teeth to all Eternity.
Thus much concerning Persecution here,
A thing from which all Christians should keep clear.

XXVIII.

Another Prayer.

LOrd God Eternal! by thy mighty Power
Preſerve, I pray thee, in th' approaching hour,
Thy Lambs, thy Babes, thy little Ones, yea, all
Who in Thee truſt, and on thy Name do call.
Support them (Lord) by thine out-ſtretched Hand,
And give them boldneſs valiantly to ſtand
True Witneſſes for thee, thy Truth and Light,
And bear their Teſtimony (in deſpite
Of Wicked Men, who wilfully oppoſe
That ſaving Light, their deeds of Darkneſs ſhows)
'Gainſt their falſe Worſhips and Idolatry,
Which holds the Seed in ſore Captivity,
That ſo the Righteous Seed o're all may riſe
To praiſe thy holy Name, thou only Wiſe,
To whom be Glory, Honour and Renown,
Who only worthy art to wear the Crown.

XXIX.

Concerning the Philoſophers Stone.

BLeſt is that Man can want and can abound,
And reſt Content in all ſtates; he hath found
That precious Pearl, much hidden and unknown,
Which may be term'd the Philoſophers Stone;
For it turns all to Good, the chiefeſt Gold.
What-e'er it haps on, either Heat or Cold,
Sun-ſhine or Rain, Riches or Poverty,
Stripes or Reproaches, all things well comply;
And with this Stone ſo joyntly mix and change,
Its courſe moſt ſwift, throughout the World doth (range,
And by its ſublime Vertue ſtill convert
All things to Riches and great Joy of Heart.
Preſs forwards, Chymiſts, and this *Stone* attain;
For 'tis the *Summum Bonum*, and the main
Point of Religion and Divinity,
Thus in Gods hand in true Content to lie,
And at the ordering of his mighty Power,
With true ſubmiſſiveneſs, even every hour;

In

In ſtill and quiet Reſignation ſtand
To his diſpoſing Providential hand.

XXX.

Concerning Covetouſneſs.

THere is a Sin too much liv'd in,
It many Cloaks doth ware;
Theſe Cloaks much us'd and much abus'd,
Are almoſt grown Threed-bare.
The Rich Men yet theſe Cloaks will get,
And wear them frequently,
As if ſo be no one could ſee
What under them doth lie.
Alas! Alas! theſe Cloaks may paſs
Avarice to cover,
Yet all won't do, to tell them true,
Though wrapt over and over.
This Sin which hath ſo many Cloaks,
Is named Covetouſneſs;
Here ye may ſee Idolatry
In ſome great things profeſs,

Although this ſin ſo much liv'd in
Be meer Idolatry;
Say what one will, they'l live in't ſtill,
'Tis Truth none can deny.

XXXI.

Concerning Pride, Avarice and Luxury.

PRide, Avarice and Luxury, theſe three
Are Evils great, avoided for to be,
By all who Chriſt profeſs, and bear his Name;
His Life and Doctrin did condemn the ſame:
Pride was the Evil, which did firſt prevail
Miſery (on all, through *Adam*) to entail.
Pride and Self-love deſires to grow ſo great,
Purſues, and craves to know what is not meet;
And when obtain'd, it works a ſtrange exchange,
Drives out from Paradiſe, on Earth to range.
So Pride before Deſtruction goes, and all
That are of Haughty minds muſt have a fall.

Proud

Proud Man God did reſiſt, and doth ſo ſtill,
But doth the Humble teach to do his Will.
His Will then done, Man does enjoy Gods Peace,
Reſts in his Sabbath, and from Sin doth ceaſe.

Avarice is an Evil great indeed,
Becauſe from it all Evils do proceed.
A Root of Miſchief, 'tis Idolatry,
A Sin from which we all ſhould ſwiftly fly.
But having touch'd on this great Sin before,
The leſs need ſay, and ſo now paſs it o're.

Luxury next is that of which I write,
An Evil great t' indulge the Appetite.
'Tis an Exceſs of Pleaſure and Self-eaſe,
With Chriſtian moderation ne're agrees.
To ſay, What ſhall we eat, or drink, or wear,
It was the Gentiles for thoſe things took care.
But Chriſt to his Diſciples thus did ſay,
Take ye not thought; he ſhew'd another way.
Firſt ſeek Gods Kingdom, and his Righteouſneſs,
All other things the Lord will add and bleſs.
By which thoſe that Luxuriouſly did feed,
And drink exceſſive, are reprov'd indeed.
Indeed the ſame ſevere Reproof doth merit;
For thoſe it uſe, ſtrange Miſchiefs ſhall inherit,

Not only to their Bodies and Eſtates,
But on their Souls brings burdens and great weights,
Impareth Health, it ſhortens Life, and ſtill
Unfits the mind to do Gods holy Will.
And thoſe in Luxury and Self-eaſe dwell,
Forget God, ſo muſt be turn'd into Hell.

There's one thing more, to you I now may name,
Apparels, firſt ordained to hide Mans ſhame.
And why of theſe ſhould Men be proud, I pray?
And for what reaſon ſhould they be ſo gay?
Since the firſt Coat, which *Adam* wore, was ſpun
By Sin, a Threed and Work hath all undone.
Why then ſhould Man uſe ſo much Coſt and Care,
His Lapſe to ſhow, thus trim the Badge to wear,
As if to all he meets, he would impart
His Innocency loſt, and Pride of 's Heart.

Well, this I ſay, Pride, Avarice and all
Luxurious ways, ſprung up through *Adam*'s Fall;
And as Man comes to be reſtor'd again
By Chriſt, theſe Sins are mortifi'd and ſlain.
But thoſe live in ſuch Evils and Exceſs,
Be no good Chriſtians, what e're they profeſs.

XXXII.

Concerning Temperance.

TEmperance is a Vertue choice and rare,
(This Age) theſe Trees are ſcarce, ſuch Fruit doth (bear.
This is an Age, Intemperance and Sin
Too much in Faſhion are, too much liv'd in;
An Age ſo ſtrange, in which ſome ſtrangely deem,
None can be Loyal, Temperance eſteem.
Temperance ſeems as baniſh'd from our Land,
While Healths and Huzza's in repute do ſtand.
Temperance yet good Men will highly prize,
It always was much valu'd by the Wiſe,
Becauſe it leads in Ways, preſerveth Health,
Ought more to be preferr'd than Earthly Pelf:
The contrary, great ill-convenience brings;
Moſt of Diſeaſes from Intemperance ſprings.
Extreams; Exceſs in Meat and Drink, anoy,
They hurt the Mind, and Body do deſtroy.

Therefore the beſt Advice that I can give,
Is Abſtinence, not too much to receive.
More are deſtroy'd by Superfluity,
And dye, than thoſe through Want and Penury.
Beſides, the Sin is great, men can't enjoy
Gods Mercies and his Bleſſings, but deſtroy
And ſpend the Creatures on their ſinful Luſt,
Offending God, provoking of the Juſt,
To bring their Heads down low unto the Duſt.

XXXIII.

Concerning Health and Happineſs.

IF Health and Happineſs thou wilt obtain,
From Coſtly Food, Rich Dainties then refrain.
If Health and Happineſs thou highly priſe,
Not many Diſhes uſe, Two may ſuffice;
For many ſorts of Food not well agrees,
Hinders Digeſtion, and breeds Crudities.
The firſt Concoction then, if not made well,
The next cann't mend it, as Phyſitians tell.

The meaner Food, and ſimple Diet plain,
The Bodies Health moſt bravely doth maintain.
An Healthful Body and a Quiet Mind
Amongſt the Epicures, who can them find!
What Health, or Strength, or Peace, or Quietneſs
Can thoſe enjoy, live daily in Exceſs?

If Happineſs in Health a man may find,
Surely much Happineſs in a clean Mind.

A Man whoſe Mind is Holy, Humble, Pure,
A Treaſure hath that always will endure.

God gives his Creatures unto Man to uſe,
But Gods good Creatures many do abuſe.
And on their ſinful Luſts do ſpend the ſame,
Him they diſhonour, and blaſpheme his Name.

XXXIV.

Concerning the Croſs of Chriſt.

THe Croſs of Chriſt, the Power of God,
The Enmity doth ſlay,
And bring the Soul from Death to Life,
From Darkneſs to Lights Day.
The Croſs of Chriſt, the Power of God,
O're Hell Gates doth prevail;
Whoever in the ſame doth truſt,
To help, it ne're doth fail.
The Croſs of Chriſt, the Power of God,
To *Jews* a Stumbling-Block,
Unto Believers precious is
Elect, their only Rock,
The Croſs of Chriſt, the Power of God,
To *Grecians* Fooliſhneſs:
They after Earthly Wiſdom ſeek,
But Folly do poſſeſs.

He that doth not take up Christ's Cross,
And bear it willingly,
Cannot be Christ's Disciple, till
Himself he doth deny.
The Cross of Christ preserves from Sin,
And all who with it dwell,
Are ransomed from Death and th' Grave,
And all the Powers of Hell.
True Christians love the Cross of Christ,
And highly prize the same;
They greatly do rejoyce therein
To suffer for Christ's Name.

XXXV.

Concerning the Soul's Travail, &c.

THere was a time in days by past,
When in my tender Years
I greatly cry'd unto the Lord,
To free me from my fears.

My

My Fears and Doubts, and Queſtionings,
Which greatly did attend,
Leſt that I ſhould miſs of that Way
Lead to an happy End.
That Way in which the Lord alone,
To ſerve I might be ſure;
That way in which he's worſhipped,
By ſuch whoſe hearts are pure:
Who do the Face of God behold,
And ſee his Glory great;
This was the thing I more long'd for,
Than for my natural Meat.
Then as I cry'd, and ſought the Lord,
The Right Way for to know,
The Lord was pleas'd in his due time
The ſame to me to ſhow.
But whilſt among the Watch-men of
The Night I did enquire
The Way, and my Beloved ſeek,
Whom my Soul did deſire;
I could not find the Way, nor yet
See my Beloved dear,
Till paſt blind Guides and Watch-men of
The Night I was got clear.

One cry'd, lo here, and one, lo there;
One that's the Way, one this;
So I still here was in great fear,
Left Right Way I should miss.
For all their Sounds Uncertain were,
Their Trumpets did not blow,
So as to give a certain Sound,
And Right Way for to show.
For all their Sounds, and Cries and Calls
Were unto things without,
Wherein no Certainty was found
For to resolve my doubt:
Then I remember'd Christ foretold,
When some, lo here, shall say,
And some, lo there, then go not forth
After them in their Way.
For Heavens Kingdom is within,
And who the Way will find,
Which unto Rest and Peace doth lead,
Turn inward must his mind.
For what is to be known of God
Within is manifest;
And till the Mind be inward turn'd,
None finds the way to Rest.

For till unto the Light within,
And gift of God's Grace free,
The Mind and Heart of man be turn'd
The Right Way, he cann't ſee.
Therefore the great concern of all,
Who after God do ſeek,
And long to know his Way and Truth,
Is to be low and meek.
For thoſe who Meek and Humble are,
The Lord will teach his Ways,
And raiſe them up by his great Power,
For to ſhew forth his Praiſe:
And as the Lord in Mercy did
To me his Truth reveal,
So I will publiſh loud the ſame,
And not the Truth conceal.
Becauſe I know the living God
Would all the Truth ſhould know,
And none periſh for want thereof,
Nor to Deſtruction go.
For God that did all Nations make
Of one Blood, for to dwell
Upon the Face of the whole Earth,
Wills none ſhould go to Hell.

He made not man to be deſtroy'd,
But for a better end,
Namely, to ſerve and worſhip him,
And on him to depend.
The purpoſe of all Almighty God,
Was man might glorifie,
And honour his Creator great,
To all Eternity.
And not to live unto himſelf,
Nor Satan ſerve in Sin,
With Luſt o'th' fleſh, or Luſt o'th' eye,
Nor Pride of Life live in.
For ſuch things they are not of God,
But of the wicked World;
And all that from them been't Redeem'd,
Muſt in the Pit be hurl'd.

Now to the end that all Mankind
Might anſwer God's deſign,
He his good Spirit freely gives,
And thoſe to it incline
Their Ears, and hearken what it ſaith,
And do the ſame obey,
Be ſure therein they cannot Err,
Nor miſs God's Perfect Way.

The Way of Light, the Way wherein
The juſt men all did go,
The Way of Life, the Way of Truth,
The right way all do know,
Who walk therein, it is the Way
That leads to Peace and Reſt,
The Juſt Man's Path, a ſhining Light,
All walk therein are bleſt.
This is the Path *Abel* trod in,
And *Abraham* alſo;
Our Fathers *Iſaac* and *Jacob*
In this ſame Way did go.
It is a Way the Vulter's Eye
Cann't ſee; no Ravenous Beaſt
Can tread, or ſet a foot therein;
Nay, nor no Hireling Prieſt.
It is a Way, for Ranſom'd Ones
From the Earth are Redeem'd;
Thoſe walk therein are lov'd of God,
Though by men diſ-eſteem'd.

Bleſt be the time in which this Way
And Day-Light did appear,
Which leads to God out of all Sin,
And frees from ſlaviſh Fear.

And frees from Wrath and Vengeance ſore,
For Evil Deeds is due;
Which is the Portion o'th' Unjuſt,
The Scriptures plainly ſhew.

Bleſt be the time in which this Way
And Truth and Light did ſhine
To th' ſatisfaction of my Soul,
That for the ſame did pine.
I hungred after Bread of Life,
And thirſted for Drink ſore,
That Bread and Drink, which who receive,
Ne'er hunger nor thirſt more,
That is to ſay, for other Food,
Or other Drink, but ſtill
They daily pray unto the Lord,
Thereof to have their fill;
For they that hunger, and do thirſt
For Righteouſneſs moſt pure,
Are bleſt of God, and ſhall receive
Mercies that will endure.

And now the goodneſs of the Lord,
In making known his Way,
And gathering out of the By-Paths,
Where many go aſtray.

And feeding of my hungry Soul
With Bread, and Peace, and Reſt,
Doth me conſtrain ſtill, to declare,
His Name for ever bleſt,
Who has done more for my poor Soul,
Than I could aſk or think.
'Tis ſaid in times of Ignorance,
(By paſt) the Lord did wink;
But now the Lord to all men calls,
Repentance for to make,
And from their ſinful ways return,
Or elſe go into th' Lake.

'Tis not he that Lord, Lord, ſhall ſay,
But he that doth God's Will,
And through great Tribulations goes,
Shall ſtand on *Sion*'s Hill,
With Harps in hand, ſinging aloud,
Praiſes to God moſt High.
Such they love not their Lives to Death,
But for the Truth can die.
And thoſe that can die for the Truth,
And for Truth loſe their All,
They are the Sons of the moſt High,
And have obey'd his Call.

They

They are a choſen People, and
A Generation pure,
A Royal Prieſthood unto God,
That ſhall for aye endure.

XXXVI.

Concerning the breaking forth of the Word and Power of GOD.

WHen God appeared in his Power,
In his great Love and Light,
And to the Sons of men made bare,
His glorious Arm of Might:
When by his Word he brake their Hearts,
Which hardned were by Sin,
And clear'd their Underſtandings dark,
By Light ſhining within.
Then did they feel and ſee and know,
And underſtand aright,
That all the works which they had wrought
Were but toiling i'th' Night,

Though they did read, and pray, and preach,
And frequently attend
Duties and Exerciſe (ſo call'd)
From Weeks end to Weeks end.
Yet being err'd in mind from that
Which is the ground, wherein
All Sacrifice accepted is,
Which from the ſame doth ſpring;
To wit, the Spirit of the Lord,
And gift of his free Grace,
Without the which none can approach
To God, nor ſee his Face.
What e'er ſuch ſaid, or thought, or did,
It ſinful was and vain,
Their Offrings did no more pleaſe God,
Than if a Dog were ſlain.
And when by Light, and Truth, and Grace,
Theſe things were underſtood,
Then from Self-acting they did ceaſe,
For that could do no good.
And into Silence they were brought
On God alone to wait,
That in that way they now might go,
Which Narrow is, and Strait.

And in thoſe pleaſant Rivers ſwim,
Where no Galley with Oars,
Nor gallant Ship can paſs thereby
I'th' Channel, nor near Shores.
Where Self no Reputation hath,
But Man's Will muſt be ſlain,
And all the Glory of proud fleſh
Into the Duſt be lain,
Where all Fleſh muſt be ſilenced,
And Death not dare to ſpeak;
No Woman in Tranſgreſſion here,
Nor Man i'th' Fall ſo weak,
But only they whoſe Hearts the Lord
Prepares, whoſe Tongues alſo
The Lord hath touch'd with a live Coal,
None elſe his Praiſe can ſhow.

And till the Lord doth touch their Hearts,
And open their Mouths wide,
In pure Retiredneſs they wait,
In Silence they abide.
And when in ſilence they do wait,
And on the Lord attend,
To do what he commandeth them,
And go where he doth ſend.

They do not Speak until they feel
His Word, which is a Fire
Within their Breaſt to burn, as they
To him their Minds retire.

Some then offended are hereat,
When they thus on God wait,
And ſay, no Profit can be known
In ſuch a ſilent State.
What benefit can be (ſay ſome)
When none do Preach nor Pray,
But Dumb and Silent do remain,
It may be all the Day?
Thus they, who call their Tongues their own,
Too much can Prate and Talk,
And gird themſelves, do as they liſt,
And where they pleaſe will walk.

But ſuch as know the Lord to gird,
And lead them in that Way,
In which they would not go, when they
Formerly went aſtray.
They dare not ſpeak their own words then,
Their Tongues are not their own;
That Member ſo unruly was,
A Taming time has known.

Then as the work of God is wrought
Upon the Heart within,
And Tongue is tam'd, by that great Power
Which frees the Soul from Sin:
Such they can open wide their Mouths,
God's Works for to declare,
And what they meet with for the ſame
Inabled are to bear.
For they are paſt the Fear of Man,
The Lord alone they fear,
And Preach the Goſpel-Power, that all
The ſound thereof may hear.
Inſtant in Seaſon they are found,
And out of Seaſon too,
Alway in readineſs the Will
And Work of God to do.
And if by ſome they are forbid
Thus to Preach in Chriſt's Name,
More bold, and more courageouſly
They do declare the ſame.

The more the Truth oppoſed is,
The more the Truth doth thrive,
Like Camemile, the more oppreſt,
The more it doth revive.

Truth may be blam'd, cannot be ſham'd;
Truth ſtronger is than all,
And all that dwell therein ſhall ſtand,
When *Babylon* ſhall fall.
Myſtery Babylon the great,
Mother of Harlots, ſhe,
Like to a Mill ſtone ſhall be thrown,
And caſt into the Sea.

XXXVII.

Concerning God's Powerful and Glorious Preſence

THE Preſence of the Living God,
And working of his Power,
Doth rend the Rocks, and ſcatter Clouds,
His Name is a ſtrong Tower,
To which the Righteous fly apace,
And there in ſafety dwell;
It alſo precious Ointment is,
The Virgins wiſe can tell.

The

The Preſence of the Living God
Is comfortable, and
Great Pleaſures are for evermore,
Enjoy'd at his Right-hand :
In his pure Preſence there is Life,
And Peace, and Joy, and Reſt,
And thoſe that do not know the ſame,
What they enjoy e'nt bleſt.
The Hills flow down, the Mountains move,
The Earth doth reel and ſhake
At the great Preſence of the Lord,
Who all the World did make;
Therefore the Preſence of the Lord,
From it where can man fly?
If he deſcend into the Deep,
Or mount up to the Sky;
Or do the Wings o'th' Morning take,
And to the Earth's end go,
The Preſence of the Lord is there,
Man's Thoughts to him to ſhow.
The Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
For ſo is call'd his Name,
Who did the Mountains form, the Winds
Create, and all things frame.

The Upright in his Preſence dwell,
And thanks to him do give,
For Mercies that from time to time,
From him they do receive.
But thoſe that walk in ſinful ways,
And in Uncleanneſs dwell,
Shall from the Preſence of the Lord
Be driven into Hell,

XXXVIII.

Concerning Maintenance for the POOR.

IN Antient Days, as we may read
In *Deutronomy* plain,
The Lord ordained ways and means,
The Poor for to maintain.
Yea, he took care, and gave ſtrict charge,
The Poor Reliev'd might be.
As alſo in *Leviticus*
We may both read and ſee;

And

And in the Book of *Samuel*,
God made both Rich and Poor;
He lifteth up and bringeth low,
Let all his Power adore.
The Perſons of the Princes great
Accepteth not the Lord,
Nor more regards the Rich than Poor,
He made both by his Word.
The Rich, who do the Poor deſpiſe,
And Needy Ones diſdain,
The time will come, that all their Wealth
Cann't free them from their Pain,
The expectation of the Poor
Shall periſh not, nor fail,
Though Wicked Men them perſecute,
And in Pride, them aſſail.

The Proud lay wait to catch the Poor,
Their Eyes are priv'ly ſet;
The Needy they ſeek to enſnare,
And take them in their Net.
But they are bleſt who do the Poor
In their Diſtreſs conſider,
And help the Needy in their ſtraits,
Their Leaf ſhall not ſoon wither.

The Lord will certainly maintain
The juſt Right of the Poor,
The Cauſe of the afflicted Ones,
For a'ye and evermore.
Although his Neighbours hate the Poor,
And Brethren him deſpiſe,
Much Food is in his tillage, and
A Bleſſing on it lies.
Whoever do the Poor Oppreſs,
And to them are unkind,
They do diſhonour God, them made,
I'th' Scripture we ſo find.
We alſo Read, that Man is bleſt
Hath a Bountiful Eye,
Becauſe his Bread unto the Poor
He gives when they do cry.

The Churl doth ill devices make
For to deſtroy the Poor;
And them to ſlay with Lying words,
That they may riſe no more.
The Perſon Vile no more ſhall be
A Liberal Man eſteem'd,
Nor yet the Churl thought Bountiful,
It muſt not ſo be deem'd.

The Poor who walk in Uprightneſs,
And in Gods Fear do dwell,
Are better than the Rich, Perverſe,
Whoſe ways lead down to Hell.
He that unto the Poor doth give,
Sha'nt lack in time of need;
But he that hides his Eyes ſhall have
Many a Curſe indeed.
Doth not the God of Heaven and Earth
The Poor of this world chuſe?
Doth not the Lord reject the Rich,
No kindneſs to them ſhews?
The Rich and Poor together meet,
The Lord them both did make,
And though the Rich regard them not,
God for them care will take.

XXXIX.

Concerning the Uncertainty of Worldly Riches.

As doth the Eagle ſoar aloft,
And towards the Heavens fly,
So Riches to themſelves make Wings,
Gone from us by and by.
No Certainty nor Confidence
A Man can in them have:
His precious Soul they cann't Redeem,
Nor Ranſom from the Grave.
Thoſe that them eagerly purſue,
And to grow Rich make haſte,
Do oft into great Miſchiefs fall,
And Heritage lay waſte.
Therefore 'tis good, content to be
With what the Lord doth give,
And whether thou be Rich or Poor,
Still in Gods Fear to live.

Mans

Mans Happineſs and Life don't ſtand
In his Abundance great;
Therefore let all contented be,
Not wanting Clothes and Meat.
For who ſo to Content is come,
A Treaſure hath before
That Man whoſe Barns are fill'd and throng'd,
So full they'l hold no more.
The Cares and Riches of this World,
The good Seed oft doth choak;
When ſome grow Rich, then they grow High,
And ſo caſt off Chriſt's Yoak.
Therefore ſaid Chriſt, How hard it is
For thoſe have Riches ſtore
Into Gods Kingdom for to go?
More eaſie for the Poor.
How ſorrowful it made th'Young Man,
Chriſt ſaid, lack'd one thing more,
Which was to Sell all that he had,
And giv't unto the Poor,
And thou in Heaven Rich ſhalt be,
And come and follow me:
But having great Poſſeſſions here,
How ſorrowful was he!

More easie for a Camel 'tis
A Needles eye go through,
Than for a Rich Man, as saith Christ,
God's Kingdom get into.

The Widows Mites, which she cast in,
The Treasury was more
Than all the rest, what they cast in
Of their abundant store.

XL.

A Lamentation and Warning for England.

OH, *England*! *England*! surely now
Thy case is very sad,
When many in thy Borders are
So wicked grown, and bad;
That at good Men they make a Scoff,
At Purity deride,
Disdain the name of Holiness,
Exalted in their Pride.

Contemn

Contemn the Worſhip of the Lord
In Spirit and in Truth;
This is a ſtate to be lament,
In old Men and in Youth.
Becauſe of Oaths the Land doth Mourn,
Swearing is grown ſo great,
Daming and Sinking may be heard
Too frequent in the Street.
Curſings, Plague-rot, and God-confound
So commonly are uſed,
With Gluttony and Drunkenneſs,
Gods Mercies are abuſed.

Moreover and beſides all this,
Wicked Informers are
By ſome too much encouraged,
Chriſts flock to rend and tear.
Their Goods to Spoil, Houſes Rifle,
And them in Priſon caſt,
And go on ſtill to work that ill,
Will Ruin bring at laſt.
But if theſe things encourag'd be,
And no ſtop put thereto,
The End will but Deſtruction bring,
And Nation quite undo.

For certainly the God of Truth,
That doth in Heaven dwell,
His great Diſpleaſure will make known,
For ſuch things, I foretell.
But though to thee I tell the ſame,
Yet ſome will not regard,
But ſtill will Mock at Warnings fair,
Their Hearts are grown ſo hard.
E're long the time will come, in which
A Reckoning God will make,
With them that do his People wrong,
And from them their Goods take.
'Tis not for Evil they have done,
But only and alone
For worſhipping and ſerving him,
Who is the Holy One.
Yea, certainly the thing is ſtrange,
Did you the like e're hear,
If one do either Preach or Pray,
He Fined is ſevere?
And if one neither Preach nor Pray,
But with Gods People meet,
Although in Silence they remain,
In Meeting-Houſe or Street;

Then

Then this is deem'd a Crime ſo great,
Some ſay, they won't it bear;
And threaten, if they ſtand i'th' Street,
A Riot they will ſwear.
They chuſe not in the Street to ſtand,
But forced by Conſtraint
Out of their hired Houſes, then
To meet i'th' Streets are faint.
In Peace and Quietneſs they ſtand,
Upon the Lord to wait,
That ſo their Strength renew'd may be,
And bettered in their ſtate.
For this they know, their Duty is,
Aſſembled for to be,
And wait upon, and Worſhip God
In true Sincerity.
And God, the Searcher of all Hearts,
He their Intent doth know,
That for no other end they Meet,
And to Aſſemblies go.
They are a People principl'd,
Their Practice has made known,
No wrong to do, nor ſeek revenge;
Good Will towards all they've ſhown.

Their Principle and Practice is,
Superiors to Obey;
And do thoſe things which they require,
Wherein God don't ſay Nay.
But if it happen to fall out,
Some things they are enjoyn'd,
The Lord contrary-wiſe requires,
I'th' Scriptures ye do find.
It better is, God to Obey,
Than ſubject be to Man;
To this all good Men do agree,
Let reſt ſay what they can.
Their Meetings are Religious, and
Moſt Peaceable and Quiet,
And yet ſome Vile Ungodly Men
Swear thus meeting, a Riot.
Where nothing Riotous appears
In Words, Deeds, nor Intent,
And yet they'l boldly ſwear the ſame,
So wickedly they'r bent.
But certainly the time's at hand,
God will his Children clear,
That ſerve him uprightly in Truth,
From all falſe Charges clear.

And

And they that wrongfully accuse,
And hate them without cause,
Shall bear his Righteous Judgment fierce,
And Rigour of his Laws.
Who Rigorous to his Lambs have been,
Severe beyond all Reason,
Conspirators against the Lamb,
And guilty of High-Treason.
They at his Bar of Justice then,
Arraigned all shall be,
And sentence from the Judge receive
For their Iniquity.
Depart from me, ye Workers of
Iniquity and Sin
Unto the place prepar'd of old,
Tophet is call'd, wherein
The Worm ne're dyes, and Fire burns
Exceeding hot and fierce;
A flame of Brimstone kindleth it,
Where Piles of Wood's not scarce.
In Everlasting Torments, they
Their Teeth shall gnash with Pain:
In Chains of Darkness they'l be bound,
Not to be free'd again.

Therefore to thoſe that perſecute
The Righteous and the Juſt,
I ſay, Repent, before God ſay,
Depart from me, ye Curſt;
For if Repentance ye don't know,
And from theſe Evils ceaſe,
Then into Thraldom muſt you go,
Ne're more to have releaſe.
And what you have to good Men done,
And that without juſt cauſe,
The ſame to you, ſhall meaſur'd be,
By thoſe contemn your Laws.

Oh! that my Native Country-men,
And Subjects of this Realm,
To Moderation might incline,
And thoſe ſet at the Helm,
The Cry of the Oppreſſed, and
The Caſe of all the Poor
Would hear, and thoſe in Goals now lie,
To Freedom would reſtore:
And grant to all the *Iſraelites*
Free leave to ſerve the Lord,
And go to *New-Jeruſalem*, to
Praiſe him with one accord.

Then Bleſſings from above will come
Upon this Nation great:
The Nations round about ſhall all
Not only hear, but ſee't.
When Truth and Righteouſneſs prevail,
Juſtice and Judgment too,
The want of which, where-e're it be,
That Nation will undo.
Where Judges for Rewards do judge,
More than the Caſe o'th' Poor,
The Righteous Judge of Heav'n and Earth
Will judge with Vengeance ſore.
Where Prieſts that Preach are Hirelings found,
And tear the Wool from Sheep,
They Shepherds are, void of Gods fear,
Not fit his Flock to keep.
And God, whoſe Eye goes to and fro,
And all things doth behold,
His Controverſie with them's great,
As Prophets ſaid of old.

That Light is come, and now doth ſhine,
Falſe Teachers doth diſcover,
And it muſt break forth more and more,
And ſpread all Nations over,

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The Righteous and the Juſt,
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For if Repentance ye don't know,
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And God, whoſe Eye goes to and fro,
And all things doth behold,
His Controverſie with them's great,
As Prophets ſaid of old.

That Light is come, and now doth ſhine,
Falſe Teachers doth diſcover,
And it muſt break forth more and more,
And ſpread all Nations over,

For to discover *Babylon*,
And all her Merchants great,
That so the Whore may reign no more,
But come down from her Seat.
She long has sate and Reign'd as Queen,
No Sorrow she would see,
But now the time's at hand, in which
Will come her Destiny.
She long the Blood of Saints hath drunk,
'Cause from Truth they'd not turn.
But now the Kings shall hate the Whore,
Her flesh with Fire burn.

XLI.

Concerning Mercifulneſs.

MErciful Men, who Mercy do extend,
Shall obtain Mercy in their latter end,
But Wicked Men, who Cruelty deviſe,
The Poor oppreſs, and needy do deſpiſe,
Shall know a time, when Mercy they will crave
But Judgment without Mercy they will have.
What meaſure Men to others meet will be,
Met unto them again moſt certainly.
The Lord is Merciful, moſt gracious and
For to be Merciful is Chriſts Command.
The Lord is Holy, Holineſs therefore
Becomes all thoſe, him Worſhip and adore.
For without Holineſs none can him ſee,
Nor ſerve and worſhip him acceptably.
The pure in Heart with Holy Hands and Voice,
Can praiſe the Lord, and in his Name rejoyce.

XLII.

A Triple Plea.

LAw, Phyſick and Divinity,
Were at a Jarr, could not agree,
To prove their Right, which of all Three
Should have Superiority.

The Law pleads, It preſerves Mens Lands,
And keeps their Goods from Ravenous Hands,
Therefore of Right challengeth he
To have Superiority.

Phyſick preſcribes Receipts for Health,
Which men prefer before their Wealth,
Therefore of Right challengeth he
To have Superiority.

Then ſteps up the Prieſt demure,
That of Mens Souls takes Care and Cure,
Therefore of Right challengeth he
To have Superiority.

XLIII.

A Triple Plea.

LEt Judges judge this Tripple Plea,
Then Lawyers ſhall bear all the Sway.
Let Empiricks their Verdict give,
Phyſitians moſt of all ſhall thrive.

Let Biſhops be Judge in this caſe,
Then Prieſts ſhall have the higheſt place.
Let Honeſt, Sober, Wiſe Men judge,
Then all theſe Three away may trudge.

For let Men live in Peace and Love,
The Lawyers Tricks they need not prove.
Let Men forbear Exceſs and Riot,
They need not live by Phyſicks Diet.

Let Men attend what God doth Teach,
They need not care what Prieſt doth Preach.
But if Men Fools and Knaves will be,
They ſhall be Aſs-rid of all Three.

T. C.

XLIV.

Some Lines written by J. C.

THE Day of God doth now draw nigh,
From which the Wicked fain would fly,
Which Day discovers all their Deeds,
And plainly shews they are but Weeds,
And fit for nothing but the Fire,
And to be burned in God's Ire,
Who now will throughly purge his Floor,
And save the Wheat for evermore.

Christ is the Door, he is the Way,
Where all should walk, where none can stray;
Turn in thy mind without delay,
That thou may'st joy in God's pure Day.

To God most High, Antient of Days,
My Soul aloud doth sound forth Praise;
This is the thirsting of my Heart,
That God his Love would more impart.

My Soul doth magnifie the God of Light,
For my Redemption great out of the Night;
Bleſſing and Praiſe to him for evermore,
Who hath inrich'd me with his Heavenly Store,
And gave me Entrance in by Chriſt the Door,
To dwell with him now, and for evermore.
Glory and Praiſe be unto God, I ſay,
Who brought me from the Night into the Day.

XLV.

HOw freſh and green Things are in time of Spring?
How ſweetly then the Turtle Dove doth Sing?
A heavenly Song of Praiſes pure I hear,
The time of my Redemption now drawes near,
Praiſes pure, Praiſes unto God for ever,
Who by his Word my Soul from Sin doth ſever,
And fit the ſame, to enjoy endleſs Life,
By perfect Freedom from all Jars and Strife,
To live in Peace, and in a joyful ſtate,
With Chriſt, my Head, my Portion, and my Mate,
Now I no longer in the World may dwell,
To me to live therein, ſeems like to Hell.

The Courſe of the whole World, which lies in Sin,
Too much therein I heretofore have been,
But now my Life it ſtands in God moſt pure,
And here, O Lord, let me for aye endure.
And when that Satan did draw out my Mind,
I oft did in me hear a Voice behind,
Which ſaid to me, keep to the Good within,
For by it thou may'ſt be preſerv'd from Sin:
Keep to its Teachings, and mark the effect,
For by its Power, all Sin thou may'ſt reject;
Of this thou need in no wiſe for to doubt,
For by its Power the Devils are caſt out,
And that State known, that's always pure and clean,
Wherein no Spot nor Wrinkle can be ſeen;
And here the Soul may now for aye Rejoyce,
And Praiſe the Lord with a pure holy Voice.

The Lord hath often knocked in my Breaſt,
That my Immortal Soul might have its Reſt,
And be Redeem'd from all that hath oppreſt,
To have my Life in Freedom, which is beſt.
And ſo know Death through Life deſtroyed quite,
And Mortal cloathed with Immortal Light.

XLVI.

XLVI.

THE Day of God moſt holy is and pure,
Which Day and Light the Sinner cann't endure;
He hates the Light appearing in his Heart,
Becauſe the coming of it is his ſmart;
For as an Oven, it will fiercely burn
All that is bad, and to Truth will not turn;
Yea, all that is in Man, it now will try,
And all that is Impure, muſt ſurely die,
And be conſum'd, as with a burning Fire,
And be deſtroyed in God's dreadful Ire;
So only that which can the Fire endure
Shall ſtand, and ſo come forth holy and pure;
And ſhall be crowned with a Crown of Life,
Prepared as a Bride, and the Lamb's Wife.

Therefore ye Sinners hear, leſt that ye die,
The Voice of Chriſt, God's Son, with him comply,
Who is the Saviour great, and kiſs him ſtrait,
And to him bow, before it be too late,
And take his Counſel; for I plainly tell,
Thoſe that reject the ſame, go down to Hell.

There-

Therefore with ſpeed, come turn your Minds within,
Obey that Voice which doth reprove for Sin,
And ſay, This is the Way, come walk in it,
That you with me upon my Throne may ſit:
Go not therefore in Ways and Works of Evil,
No longer live in Sin, and ſerve the Devil;
But follow me in thoſe ways that are pure,
For dark and ſinful ways I cann't endure;
My Soul in all reſpects doth loath the ſame,
Thoſe walk therein, diſhonour God's pure Name:
My Counſel heed, and do not run before,
Incline not to the Spirit of the Whore,
Her Cup of Wine, is Fornication great,
Vials of Wrath ſhall come upon her Seat.

XLVII.

THe Lord doth feed his Flock and give them Reſt
In pleaſant Paſtures, where they richly feaſt,
And drink of Shiloe's Brooks that run ſo clear,
For they only, the living God do fear;
They hear his Voice, and do his Will aright,
In Holy things their Souls have great delight.

But

But this unto the Sinner ſeemeth ſtrange,
Whoſe great delight in Darkneſs is to range
And rove about, and from the good to raven,
Walking in ſinful Ways, yet hope for Heaven.
'Tis a falſe Hope, the Hope o'th' Hypocrite,
It leads not out of Darkneſs into Light;
Therefore that Hope, I ſay, truſt to no more,
But come to Chriſt within, the Hope, the Door;
Come from that place where Satan has his ſtation,
Enter the Kingdom through great Tribulation;
For all that will live godly in Chriſt, they
Shall meet with Perſecution in their Way;
But God preſerves the Humble and the Meek,
The Proud and Perſecutors Head he'll break.
Therefore thy Neck ſubject unto Chriſt's Yoke,
Fear not, thy Bands, though ſtrong, ſhall all be broke.
His Yoke is eaſie, Burden Light, and ſhall
Give to thee Reſt, and bring out of the Fall,
Into that Way, which narrow is and ſtrait;
Bow to his Yoke before it be too late.

J. C.

XLVII.

XLVIII.

Some Lines written by the Author, in the Time of his Imprisonment.

OFt-time before, as well as now, have I
Been into Prison cast, fast there to lie;
But not for Ill, or Wrong done unto any,
'Tis only for Religion, that with many
More of God's Lambs and Babes Immortal born,
I suffer Hardships, with Reproach and Scorn;
Number'd amongst Transgressors, yet we are
As Loyal Subjects as the Earth doth bear:
We love our Prince, and heartily do Pray,
Peace and Tranquility attend his Day.
We oft in Publick, also Privately
Do Pray for all are in Authority.
We are no Plotters, ne'er did we Rebel,
This is a Truth, Experience large doth tell;
When Persecuted, Fin'd, Imprison'd, and
Our Goods are spoil'd; Sufferings on every Hand

Attend

Attend us; then we do Repose and Rest
Within the Harbor of God's tender Breast;
And bear our Losses, Crosses, Tryals, all
Whate'er to us is suffer'd to befall;
We with content in Innocency stand,
Committing all to God's protecting Hand;
Believing that in time it will be seen,
That we most wrongfully have Sufferers been;
And not as bustle Bodies, ne'er will we
With Evil-minded Men concerned be;
Our peaceable Behaviour plain doth show,
The Principles from which our Actions flow,
Proceed from Christ the Root of *Jess* the Bright,
And Morning Star, the Son of God, the Light
And Saviour of the World, who came to seek
And save Mens Lives, the lowly one and meek,
Who left us an Ensample, and all they
That tread his steps, are blessed in their way;
He suffer'd on the Cross, Reproaches bore,
Was spit upon, a Crown of Thorns he wore,
And perfect through great Sufferings was he made;
As *Paul* in his Epistle plainly said,
He was a Man of Sorrows well (we see)
Was he with Griefs acquainted? (so are we)
He bore our Sins upon the Cross, and all
Are sav'd by him, that on his Name do call;

And as he ſuffer'd by the wicked World,
So is our Portion, to be toſs'd and hurl'd
From Place to Place, from Goal to Goal, as though
They would the Work of God and Truth o'erthrow;
But Truth is Truth, and Truth ſtill will remain,
Though ſome that witneſs to it, may be ſlain.
Yet all Truths Teſtimony-Bearers, they
Shall ne'er be able for to make away:
Indeed 'twas told of old, that ſome ſhould be
Hal'd before Magiſtrates and Rulers: we
Have long and oft experienc'd the ſame,
That we muſt ſuffer for Chriſt's Holy Name;
Well, 'tis his Gift to us to ſuffer too,
As well as to be made Believers true;
And as with him we ſuffer, though we die,
With him we Live and Reign Eternally,
In that bleſs'd Manſion, where all Sufferings ceaſe,
Fill'd with Eternal Comforts, Joy and Peace;
Wherein the Morning Stars together ſing
Praiſes to God, high Praiſes to their King.

XLIX.

XLIX.

A Letter from W. L.

Dear Benjamin,

WHen Tidings of thy freſh Confinement came,
My Soul, a living Member of the ſame
Cœleſtial Body, could not but partake
Of what thou ſuffers for the Goſpel ſake:
Why do the Nations rage, and ſtill conſpire
Againſt our God? Think they to quench his Fire?
Falſe Flames of Holineſs they may put out,
But *Iſrael*'s Armies *Aſhur* cannot rout:
Their Blood's a Conquering Sword, which wounds that part,
Galen can never cure with all his Art.

But what's your Crime? diſſent from Man's Devotion;
O *Luther*, *Luther*! Didſt thou leave this Notion
To thy Reformers? Were they to proteſt
Againſt the Birds, yet force into the Neſt?
Away with ſuch Soul-drivers: O my God!
Drive out ſuch Merchants with thy Powerful Rod;

Let no Dove-ſellers in the Temple dwell,
There's room to buy the Truth, but not to ſell.

Thou writ'ſt moreover, that ſome Meetings were
Diſturbed by Informers. If they ſwear
And tear for Mony, Conſcience is a thing
They neither know, nor fear its dreadful Sting;
Such Acts are Kin to Robberies: Say I ſo?
Yea, the King's Grammar taught it long ago.
Pity theſe liveleſs Puppets; treat them well;
Wiſdom ſees Wiers which makes them huff and ſwell.
Pray for them all: The Lord our God can turn
Wrath to his Praiſe; When flaming Fires don't burn,
Nor hungry Lions bite; then lofty Spirits
Will condeſcend to look into the Merits
Of Lamb-like Sufferers, and hate that Whore,
Which thus provok'd them to oppreſs the Poor.
Poor harmleſs Friends, that never did them wrong,
We'll be content: you ſhall ſing *Moſes* Song.
Be ſtill; when Princes feel your Innocence
Throughout the World, they will be your Defence,
And Queens your Nurſes; Faith beholds theſe things,
Which ſweetens all our preſent Sufferings.

W. L.

L.

The Valiant Christian Soldier.

IF thou a Christian Soldier art,
Then Valiant must thou be,
And follow Christ, thy Captain great,
Where-e'er he leadeth thee:
And never fear, nor be dismay'd
At all thy Enemies,
Though *Gog* and *Magog* should appear
Against thee for to rise.
Thy Captain great, God's only Son,
Will teach thy Hands to fight,
And Arm thee with his holy Power,
For to with-stand their Might,
He'll strengthen thee with Armour Proof
Of Light, and Truth, and Grace,
Which will preserve thee, and will make
Thy Foes to fly apace.

Stand fast therefore, and let thy Loyns
With Truth be girt about,
Put on thy Breast-plate, and be sure
Take shield of Faith, no doubt
Thereby thou shalt enabled be,
To quench all Fiery Darts,
Of wicked Men, the Spirits Sword
Will wound them in their Hearts.
The Helmet of Salvation wear,
Compleatly Armed stand,
The Armour-proof of Righteousness,
Have on Right and left Hand.
Be valiant for Gods Truth on Earth,
Give no place to the Devil,
Resist him, stedfast in the Faith
Preserves out of all evil.
So shalt thou be Victorious and
A Conqueror more great,
Than those that mighty Cities win,
And Armies do defeat.
The Weapons of thy Warfair then,
No Carnal Weapons are,
Thou Wrestlest not with Flesh and Blood,
But Prince o'th' Power, o'th' Air,

Thy

Thy Weapons mighty, Powerful are,
Through God, ſtrong Holds to fell,
Moſt Noble Acts were done thereby,
As doth the Scripture tell.
Whole Kingdoms were ſubdu'd, we read
Armies of Aliens fled,
The weak made ſtrong, and ſome receiv'd
To Life again their Dead.
The violence of Fire quench'd,
Eſcap'd the Edge o'th' Sword,
Theſe things and many more were done,
By th' vertue of Gods Word.
Which is a Living quickening Word,
The Word of Power and Faith,
More ſharp than any Two Edg'd Sword,
For ſo the Scripture ſaith.
It is a Word that doth divide,
'Twixt Soul and Spirit, and
Thoughts of thy Heart it doth diſcern,
And plainly underſtand.
By this Ingrafted Word of Faith,
Wonderful things are wrought,
By it the powers of Darkneſs are
Deſtroy'd and brought to nought.

Without this, 'tis Impossible,
The Living God to please,
And those with Meekness it receive,
Their Souls from Sin it frees.
By this the Elders in days past
A good Report obtain'd,
By this an understanding how
The Worlds were made is gain'd.
The substance of things hoped for,
And things that are not seen,
Hereby are plainly evidenc'd,
As ever things have been.
Hereby did *Abel* offer up
To God a Sacrifice
That was accepted by the Lord,
He did it not despise.
It was by this that *Enoch* was
So chang'd, not Death to see,
He witness had he pleased God,
So must Traslated be.
By this was *Noah* warn'd of God,
And being mov'd with fear,
Prepar'd an Ark to save his House,
And all that in it were.

And *Abraham* when he was call'd
Into a Place to go,
By Faith obey'd, and Travell'd on,
Whether he did not know.
He ſojourn'd in a Land was ſtrange,
A Land of Promiſe, where
In Tabernacles he did dwell
With *Iſaac*, with him, Heir.
And *Jacob* who a City ſought,
Which had Foundations ſure,
A City Built, and made by God,
That would for aye endure.
It was through Faith *Sarah* Conceiv'd,
And came to bear a Son,
For he that promis'd Faithful was,
Though ſhe through Age had done.
And by this Faith, Meek *Moſes* did,
Afflictions rather chooſe,
Than to be *Pharaoh*'s Daughters Son,
For that he did refuſe.
Hereby alſo the *Iſraelites*
Did through the Red-Sea go,
When *Pharaoh*'s Hoſt purſuing them,
Got ſuch an overthrow.

By Faith the Walls of *Jericho*,
Seven Days compass'd round,
With shouts, and blowing of Rams-horns
Were levell'd to the Ground.
And Time would fail me to declare
The noble Acts of those,
Who through Faith, always did prevail
Against God's, and their Foes.
Therefore let all Believers true,
Whose Faith stands in Gods Power,
Trust in the Holy Name of God,
Whose Name is a strong Tower.

LI. *Accro-*

LI.

ACCROSTICKS.

BE Wiſe, be careful, and be ſure dwell low;
E xerciſe Patience, Moderation ſhow;
N e'er be pufft up in Mind, ſoar not on high
I n that Eſtate great Danger near doth lie.
A lſo be fair, be courteous, and be kind;
M erciful Men ſhall Mercy ſurely find:
I n time of Riches, or of Poverty,
N e'er be caſt down, nor lifted up too high.

A ll things below the Sun are fickle, and
N o Man can firmly build upon the Sand;
T ime paſſeth ſwift, our Days away do fly;
R emember you are Mortals, and muſt die:
O That while Time, and Day of Viſitation
B e unto Man afforded, for Salvation
U nto Chriſt's Light and Truth he would ſubmit,
S o ſhould he know Redemption wrought by it.

Martha

MARTHA and *Mary* were two Sisters great,
And *Martha* serv'd, while *Mary* at Christ's Feet
Retired, and sat down to hear his Voice,
Yet it was *Mary* made the better Choice.

MARTHA, with many things had fill'd her Mind
And *Mary* to a Waiting State inclin'd;
Retirement better is, than Hurryings, and
They that be most Retir'd, best understand
How to serve God, and Christ's Commands obey
And choose that part, shall ne'er be ta'en away.

LIII.

Concerning the Holy Bible.

THe Bible is a blessed Book,
The Scriptures I do prize;
They able are the Man of God,
To perfect, and make wise;
Unto the saving of his Soul,
Through Faith in Christ the Light,
Without which Faith, none can perceive
The things of God aright.

The

The Bible is a bleſſed Book,
Some Men their Rule it call,
And yet in Life and Doctrin too,
How ſhort of it they fall!
For in this Book we plainly read
The Perſecutor's Race
Did ſpring from *Cain*, no noble Birth,
But fleſhly, vile and baſe.
In this bleſs'd Book we find Complaint
Againſt ſuch Teachers, they,
Who by their Lies and Lightneſs, cauſe
People to err and ſtray:
And in this Book, we underſtand
Chriſt's Miniſters muſt be
Holy in Life, in Doctrin ſound,
From Avarice ſet free.
Moreover, in this Book we find,
The Powers ordain'd of God
Were for a Praiſe to all do well,
To thoſe do ill, a Rod.
They ſhould not bear the Sword in vain
Nor turn the Sword awry,
But Judgment do, and Juſtice too
With an Impartial Eye.

LIII.

Concerning Sufferings.

SUrely thoſe People who through Faith
In Chriſt, on God depend,
Need not to fear the Rage of Man,
The Lord will them defend.
Though wicked Men riſe up, and come
God's People to annoy,
Yet they ſhall diſappointed be,
His Saints they ſhan't deſtroy:
Therefore ye need not for to fear,
When you aſſembled be;
Nor yet ought you to make eſcape,
And from them for to flee;
Becauſe, except the Lord doth grant,
And give to Satan leave,
He has no Power to do you harm:
This Doctrin pray receive;

That

That in the Faith you firm may ſtand,
And patiently may bear
Thoſe Sufferings that may attend,
Caſting on God your Care;
Who careful is, them to ſupport
That witneſs to his Cauſe,
And never fails to give Relief
To thoſe that keep his Laws.

A

LIV.

Concerning the Deſigns againſt God's People.

WHat Men deſign for ill, the Lord our God
Can make prove to our Good, to them a Rod;
And may it prove a Rod Correction give
To learn, and teach them better how to live,
That Living well, prepar'd may be to die,
And ſo to live with God Eternally.

LV.

Concerning Irreligious Men.

A Sort of Men I have obſerv'd,
That fear not God nor man,
They are reſolv'd for Wickedneſs,
Say to them what one can;
They Heaven ſlight, and mock at Hell,
They neither do regard,
Nor think they of Eternity,
Their Hearts are grown ſo hard.
Religion and Religious Men,
They greatly do diſdain;
They are great Vaſſals unto Sin,
Faſt bound with Satans Chain.
They ſpend their Days in Vanity,
Sporting their time away,
In ſitting down to Eat and Drink,
And riſing up to Play.

No fear of God before their Eyes,
Nor thinking of his Law;
They into Sin do ſwiftly ruſh,
And ſo their Souls deſtroy.
They void of Underſtanding are,
More like to Beaſts than Men;
Their State more ſad and dreadful is,
Than can declare my Pen.
I wiſh indeed, before they die,
Their ſad State they may ſee,
And humbled be before the Lord,
For their Iniquity;
That ſo the Lord, the Living God,
Mercy to them may ſhow,
Before from hence they are remov'd,
And to the Grave do go.
For in the Grave no help they'll have,
Repentance is not there,
But as they die, ſo muſt they lie,
And God's great Judgment bear.
Extreams don't hold, A Proverb very true,
Frequently us'd, avoided but by few.

LVI.

Concerning a Charitable Man.

IT is more bleſt to give, than to receive,
An Act of Charity, 'tis to relieve
Thoſe that do want, and are in great diſtreſs;
A Charitable Man can do no leſs.

To know what's good, and not to do the ſame,
Such are not Chriſtians, though they bear the Name.

He that can freely Treſpaſſes forgive,
Shall Mercy from the Hand of God receive;
But he that is Revengeful, and for Ill
Doth Ill requite; he doth not do God's Will,
For Vengeance is the Lord's, He doth repay
Thoſe that do Evil, and him diſobey.

LVII.

Concerning Faith, Hope and Charity.

FAith is the Substance of things hop'd to be,
The Evidence of things we don't yet see.
Hope, as an Anchor cast within the Vail,
Is that by which the Soul doth find a stay,
When Storms and Tempests mightily assail,
Ship-like, it safely Rides, as in a Bay.

Faith, Hope and Charity, these three remain,
The chief is Charity, and doth contain
Much more than Men or Angels can declare,
So great, so manifold its Virtues are:
Without this Love of God, Wise men, we see
Like sounding Brass, and tinkling Cymbals be,
Like empty Wells, and Clouds that have no Rain;
Without this, all Religious shews are vain;
Tho' Men have Gifts and Parts, and Tongues to speak,
And have not Charity, they're still to seek:

Though they could Propheſie, and underſtand
All Myſteries, have Knowledge at Command,
And could by Faith move Mountains, yea, do more,
Their Bodies give to burn, and on the Poor
Beſtow their Goods; yet all this don't avail,
'Tis Charity endures, and ne'er doth fail;
This thinks no ill, it ſuffers long, is kind,
And envies not, nor puffeth up the Mind:
It vaunteth not it ſelf, ſeeks not its own,
Thus by its heavenly Birth it may be known;
Not ſoon provok'd, it doth no Evil, and
Its Joy in nothing but the Truth doth ſtand;
It envieth not, but beareth all things well;
All things believes and hopes, ſo doth excel.

LVIII.

LVIII.

All things are Vanity below the Sun.

THe choiceſt things that are below,
But empty are and vain;
Set thy Affections then above,
On things that will remain.

For all things here below do fade,
The World doth paſs away,
And we that on the Earth remain,
Muſt make but little ſtay.

While we are here, let's prize our Time
Our Glaſs will ſoon be run;
And thoſe that don't improve their Time
Are utterly undone.

Therefore to Day, while 'tis to Day,
While Light doth ſhine within;
Hear and obey the Voice of God,
Who calls thee out of Sin;

And out of Darkneſs into Light,
That in it thou believe
And walk; that it may be thy Guide
Which never will deceive.

Though they are much deceiv'd indeed,
That Darkneſs put for Light,
Who ſlight God's Gift of Grace, and to
His Spirit do Deſpite.

But they that mind the Gift of God,
And are taught by his Grace,
For to deny Ungodlineſs,
Shall find a hiding Place;

In the Munition of Rocks great
A Habitation pure
They'll know, where Waters never fail,
And Bread of Life is ſure.

Such cannot diſappointed be,
As they their Guide do heed;
For in the ſure unerring Path,
He always will them lead.

The Light of Chriſt, the Gift of God,
The Word of Faith that's nigh
Thoſe who with Meekneſs it receive,
And govern'd are thereby.

Know him to Rule, whoſe Right it is,
And they do him obey,
All ſuch can ſay in Righteouſneſs,
The Scepter he doth ſway.

LIX.

Concerning PATIENCE.

SHE is a Virtue, none can truly prize
Enough her Worth and Value, but the Wiſe
Who have her try'd, and her great Power known;
Her ſublime Virtue, as th' admired Stone,
Brings things to paſs, which ſome don't think to ſee,
Strange things to paſs, hid in Obſcurity;
Thoſe that poſſeſs her in their Souls, ſhall know
Experience by her, deep things ſhe will ſhow:
But thoſe that are impatient, and do fret,
The Night o'ertakes them, and their Sun doth ſet;
They cannot ſee far off, nor nigh at Hand,
The Light with-draws, and Darkneſs fills their Land.

LX.

Christ our King, Priest and Prophet,

CHrist Jesus is the King of Kings,
And Lord of Lords, who Reigns
O'er Death and Hell, the Devil's Pow'r
Destroys, and breaks his Chains.

Christ Jesus is the Prince of Life,
And those that keep his Laws,
He doth protect, and eke defend,
From Bears and Lions Claws.

He also is the Prince of Peace,
And true Peace he doth give
To those, under his Government
Subject and chuse to live.

Christ Jesus is a Priest most high,
Not after *Aaron* made,
But Order of *Melchisedeck*,
As is in Scripture said.

He

He offer'd up himself for all,
To God a Sacrifice,
'Tis this one Offering that the Saints,
Highly esteem and prize.

By this one Act he perfecteth
For ever, all that are
Cleans'd by his Blood, and Sanctify'd,
His Holy Name to bear.

And unto God presents his Church,
So Holy, Pure and Clean,
That in his Members, not one Spot
Nor Wrinkle can be seen.

Christ Jesus is that Prophet great,
Of whom did *Moses* write;
Of whom, unless I hear his Voice,
I dare not to endite.

For *Moses* said, and did fore-tell
The Penalty, that they
Who do refuse to hear his Voice
And Word for to obey,

Must undergo; A Penalty
So heavy for to bear,
That no Man would incur the same,
That for his Soul takes care.

But some are careless of their Souls,
And of their latter End,
As if they no Account should give,
How all their Days they spend.

The Penalty and Punishment,
That all must undergo,
Who do refuse to hear Christ's Voice,
As *Moses* plain doth show,

Is to be separated from
Amongst God's People quite,
And so cut off, that to the Tree
Of Life, they'll have no Right:

Nor e'er enjoy the Comfort, Peace,
And blessed Rest, which they
Of Right are made Inheritors,
Who hear and do obey.

Christ doth appear to every Man,
He is come very nigh,
None need descend to fetch him up,
Nor yet ascend on high.

The Word is in the Heart and Mouth,
The Word of Faith, indeed,
That Word which reconciles to God,
To which all should take heed.

'Tis

'Tis inward, an Ingrafted Word,
With Meekneſs it receive,
And it will ſave thy Soul, and all
That in it do believe.

Chriſt Jeſus is the Biſhop of
The Soul, to overſee
The Heart and Mind; don't go aſtray,
But on God ſtayed be.

Chriſt alſo is a Shepherd, and
Takes Care his Sheep to feed,
And gives to thoſe that hear his Voice,
Eternal Life indeed.

He puts them forth of Sin and Death,
And goes before them, they
Do follow him, and know his Voice,
But Strangers won't obey:

He leads them into Paſtures green,
Where Living Waters flow,
And fills their Souls abundantly,
As they right well do know.

He Grace and Glory miniſtreth,
And Comfort, Joy and Peace,
All Heavenly Treaſures which endure
When Earthly Riches ceaſe.

He is Anointed of the Lord,
And ſent to Preach his Way;
The juſt Man's Path, which ſhineth more
And more to th' perfect Day.

He alſo a Phyſician is,
To cure our Maladies,
To heal us of our Sickneſſes,
And all Infirmities.

The broken Hearted he binds up,
Opens blind Eyes to ſee,
And brings the Priſ'ner out o'th' Pit,
And Captive doth ſet free.

He meditates and intercedes,
Alone to God for all,
'Tis he ſaves to the utmoſt, and
Redeems out of the Fall.

Chriſt Jeſus is the Captain of
Salvation, and doth ſave
All that believe, and in him truſt,
From Death, Hell, and the Grave.

He Diſciplines his Soldiers all,
And learns them well to wear
The Armour-Proof of Righteouſneſs,
And Shield of Faith to bear;

By

By which the Devils Fiery Darts
Are quench'd, and made recoil,
They wreſtle not with Fleſh and Blood,
But Prince of Death to foil.

They are train'd up to keep their Ranks,
In Concord, Truth and Life,
In Righteouſneſs and Holineſs,
And Peace without all Strife.

Chriſt Jeſus is the Way, the Truth,
The Door, the Fold of Reſt,
And all that enter in by him,
Shall be for ever bleſt.

But thoſe climb up another Way,
And do the Light refuſe,
Deſtruction will their Portion be,
'Cauſe Darkneſs they did chuſe.

LXI.

Concerning a Form of Godliness without Power.

THe Scriptures plainly tell us, Men may have
A Form of Godliness; yet that don't save.
The Form, although the true Form it may be,
Cann't free the Soul from its Iniquity.
There's many Forms, besides that Form that's true,
But all Forms without Life and Power won't do;
It is the Life, and Heavenly Power, still
Enableth Man to do God's Holy Will,
And gives Acceptance and Access alone,
To God the Judge, to stand before his Throne.

LXII.

Concerning the Power of Godliness with the Form.

GOd's mighty Power, whene'er it doth appear,
It is not void, nor without Form; tho' here
Too many err, and cry against the Form,
In their blind Zeal, so hot they are and warm.

Although

Although the Form without the Power may be,
The Life without its Form, who e'er did see?
The Life brings forth its Form, and Order too,
Against which some have made so much a-do,
Whose Minds are loose and vain, and wrongly bent
To keep the bounds of Truth they're not content,
Oppose Truths Order, and its Form decry,
With false pretence for Gospel Liberty;
Till very Form of Godliness they lose,
Because God's Grace and Mercies they abuse.
Libertine like, they'll flounce and fling away
From Form of Truth, no Order they'll obey:
Into a Form of Wickedness they run,
By which both Soul and Body is undone.

LXIII.

Concerning Humility.

THe safest Place I ever yet could see
For Man to dwell in, is Humility:
And as Men in Humility abide,
The Lord will teach them of his Ways; He'll guide
The Meek in Judgment, and in Righteousness
He will them lead, and cause their Souls possess

His lasting Substance, and their Treasures fill,
And fit them to ascend his Holy Hill.

He will Exalt the Humble and the Low;
The Haughty-minded ones he'll overthrow,
Their lofty and high Looks he will abase,
And bring them to the Dust in great Disgrace.

Therefore, O Man, what e'er thou hast atatin'd,
What e'er thou know'st, what Riches thou hast gain'd;
How far soever on thy Way thou'st been;
And tho great Sights and Visions thou hast seen,
If been caught up to the third Heaven high,
No Safety for thee, but Humility.

The Humble-minded Man, the Lord will save;
He hears their Cries, they their Desires shall have:
And with the broken Heart, and humble Mind,
The God of Heaven will a Dwelling find.

B. A.

FINIS.